

ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1846.

CAEN.

(See Plate.)

CAEN, which is the subject of one of our engravings for this month, is the Capital of the province of Normandy, in France. It is situated about eighty miles from the English channel, on the banks of the river Orne, which, at certain seasons of the year, is navigable for vessels of the smaller class up to the town. Caen is, principally, built of stone, which, in great quantity and of fine quality, is found in the neighborhood. Unlike most European cities, the streets of Caen are wide, and kept in a cleanly condition, and it is represented as one of the most pleasant places of residence in the north of France.

Although it must have been in existence many years before the conquest of England, little is known, at present, of its history up to that time; but two centuries after, it was a town of considerable distinction, and was sometimes even named in connection with Paris. Caen is still a place of no little importance. Its population numbers between 30 and 40,000, it sustains a university of good repute, throughout Europe, all the departments of which are said to be conducted with much ability. There is a lunatic hospital, and a deaf and dumb asylum, conducted very successfully under the charge of about one hundred nuns attached to the institution.

Caen is remarkable for its fine lace, which is manufactured by the lower class of the female population. It is calculated that not less than twenty thousand individuals, of all ages, from twelve years upwards are thus employed, and the annual produce of their labor is estimated at one hundred and seventy thousand pound sterling.

It is possessed, too, of a large number of very fine churches. The tower and spire, which occupy such a conspicuous position in our engraving, are those of the church of St. Peter, built in 1308.

Caen was the favorite residence of William, the Conqueror, whose remains were interred in the chapel of the monastery of St. Stephen. They were not, however, allowed to rest, undisturbed. Four hundred years after his death, his tomb was opened, at the desire of some dignitaries of the church, on a visit from Rome to Caen; the corpse, after this long lapse of years, was found to be so well preserved, that a portrait was painted on wood from the lifeless features. This portrait is said to be still in existence. In 1792 the tomb was again broken open, by the Huguenots, in search, it is supposed, of treasures which, at that period, it was sometimes the custom to inter with the dead. They tore out and scattered about the chapel the bones which they found; these were carefully collected, by De Bourgeville, a magistrate of the place, an eye-witness to the occurrence, of which he left an account, and consigned to the care of a monk belonging to the monastery. The monastery was, afterwards, plundered, the monks put to flight, and all the bones lost except that of one of the thighs, which was begged from the rioters by a nobleman present. After the cessation of the troubles this bone was re-interred in its old resting place, where it is now remaining.

The monastery of St. Stephen, to which allusion is here made, with that of the Trinity at the opposite end of the town, are the two most conspicuous and splendid buildings in Caen. They were erected by William, the Conqueror, and his queen, Matilda, who were near blood relations, in expiation of the crime of having married within the degrees of consanguinity prescribed by the church of Rome. The royal pair were granted a dispensation by the Roman pontiff in consideration of these works

OUR MAY.

BY FANNY FORESTER.

"OUR MAY," as every body called May Loomis, was the merriest, blithsomes, busiest little creature, that ever you saw—a perfect honey-gatherer without the sting—an April smile, with a cousin's face for the contrasting cloud. It seemed impossible to bring a shade of seriousness over that joyous face; for, although I have seen tears starting from her eyes, they were always checked by a smile, or, if suffered to fall upon her face, they were lost in a profusion of roguish dimples.

Our May had a cousin, the cloud above mentioned, who rejoiced in the same appellation; but although every body said that Miss May Loomis was a very excellent young lady, no one ever thought of placing the possessive before her name; indeed, I do not think Miss May would have liked such a partnership concern, for she had a high opinion of her own dignity, and she thought it must be very painful to any lady of delicacy to be hailed by all she met as though under their especial protection. The good-natured laugh of the old farmers shocked her delicate nerves, and the cordial grasp of their horny hands was quite too much for lady-endurance. Miss May was very often annoyed, when walking with her cousin, by the exclamation, "There goes our May!" from the lips of some poor washerwoman, or errand-boy; and then to see them fly across the street, as though on terms of the greatest intimacy! Why, it was preposterous. So presuming! But Miss May was still more annoyed at the excessive vulgarity of her thoughtless little cousin, who would often stop in the street to inquire after the health and prosperity of the offenders, and send some little message to the children at home. On such occasions the cloud usually drew herself up to her utmost height, and, to avoid the disgrace of such improper conduct, walked home alone, in the most dignified manner. But then Miss May's walk was always dignified, if walking by rule and compass constitutes dignity, and she was never known to do an improper thing in her life. She always carried her hands in one particular position, except when, for the sake of variety, she changed them to one other particular position; and her pocket-handkerchief, which she held between the thumb and finger of the left hand, was allowed to spread itself over the three remaining fingers in a very becoming manner. Her neck-riband was always crossed upon her bosom, the two ends of precisely the same length; and her collar never had in it a wrinkle. There were two or three plaits in the waist of her dress, because somebody, that she considered indisputable authority, had said that plaits were graceful; but she carefully eschewed all extravagance, in the quantity, if not the quality, of the cloth she honored by wearing. Her hair (this was the climax of the young lady's nicety,) was so carefully brushed and pomatumed, that it seemed one

glossy convex surface, surmounted by a braid of—no one could have imagined what, but for the pale blue riband that relieved the brown, and gave the curious examiner the idea that it might be of the same material as the head covering.

Miss May's nicety extended to everything about her. Her house-plants were prim and perpendicular, trimmed of every redundant leaf; and she was often heard to lament an opening blossom, because it would produce irregularity, by throwing the balance of ornament on one side the plant. The cloud was very fond of exercising her skill in trimming trees in the shape of cones and other figures, while her cousin fostered luxuriance in their growth, and would rather hang on them a wilder wreath, or twist a limb awry, than to see the ornaments of her uncle's garden standing out stark and stiff, like the spokes of a wagon-wheel. Yet the cousins never clashed, for the regularity of Miss May extended to her disposition and heart, and, having her own excellent rule of rectitude, she would as soon have been caught laughing, aloud, or romping in the court-yard, or wearing a rumpled dress, as swerving from it in the slightest degree. On the other hand, our May was too careless and too light-hearted to be annoyed by her nice cousin's trifling peculiarities; and she never opposed her tastes, nor interrupted her in any thing except a lecture on propriety. Miss May never spoke but in the gentlest voice, and the most unexceptionable words; but then she often felt it her duty to admonish her wild cousin of the folly of her doings, which admonitions our active little Hebe found peculiarly irksome. She, however, soon invented a way of warding off these avalanches of good advice, quite worthy of her wit. When Miss May would enter the parlor with a grave look of reproof, and commence with the ominous words, "My dear cousin, I feel it my duty to expostulate—" the offender would interrupt her.

"Oh, dear coz, wait a minute. May, deary, I have something to tell you. Mr. Melroy—"

This sentence was sometimes finished in one way and sometimes in another; but Mr. Melroy was the magic word; and, after making her fair monitress blush crimson, the little tormentor would glide out of the room, and express her self-gratulation by a laugh as long and loud as it was musical.

Mr. Melroy was our village clergyman; a young bachelor of twenty-eight, and a general favorite with all classes of men. He was friendly and courteous with all, for he looked upon the whole human family as his kindred; and his heart never refused to the meanest beggar the appellation, *brother*. His voice was full and melodious, but somewhat solemn; his countenance exhibited a dash of melancholy, though so modified by christian benevolence as to be peculiarly

interesting; and his manner was correct and gentlemanly. The two cousins were members of Mr. Melroy's church; and their uncle, 'Squire Loomis, was his personal friend; so it is not at all to be wondered at that he became their frequent visitor. Neither is it a matter of wonder that our volatile May, contrasted as she was with her grave companion, should almost escape the young pastor's notice. Our May saw that Mr. Melroy's attention was all directed to the cloud; but she was not sorry, for it gave her an opportunity to watch his fine eyes, as they lighted up with the enthusiasm of his subject, and to catch the variety of expression which genius can throw upon the most serious face. Our May liked merriment but she liked Mr. Melroy's conversation better; and she never ventured to breathe a word until she was sure he had quite finished. Then she would make some remark, so comical, that Mr. Melroy would be obliged to waste a smile upon her in spite of himself; and Miss May would quite forget the half hour's profitable conversation in planning a reproof. Sometimes Mr. Melroy would walk with the young ladies, or rather with the cloud, for our May was constantly bounding from the path, to pluck a flower or chase a butterfly; and yet, she somehow never lost the young clergyman's profitable conversation, for when they were again alone, she would tease her sedate cousin by distorting his beautiful sentiments, and sadly misapplying his comparisons.

Both of the cousins had a class in the village Sabbath-school, and Miss May was the secretary of two or three benevolent societies, of which our May was only a quiet unobtrusive member. Some people wondered that the relative, and constant companion of such a *pattern-lady* as Miss May Loomis, should choose such a questionable way of exhibiting her charity, as to visit the poor in person, and administer to their wants, even when it called her away from the meetings of the society; but others fearlessly advocated their favorite's cause; while the sober-faced young clergyman said nothing. Before old Mr. Thompson left, Miss May used to tell the delinquent that she knew Mr. Thompson disapproved of such conduct; but she dared not mention Mr. Melroy's name, as it was a signal which our May failed not to answer with an exceedingly gay volley. The truth was, everybody said that Mr. Melroy did not call so often at 'Squire Loomis's for nothing; and as Miss May was very far from being nothing, she was very naturally concluded to be the something which so attracted. When anybody asked home-questions about this matter, our May laughed, and looked very knowing, while her cousin blushed, and looked very dignified. Thus matters went on for a long time, and thus they might have gone on, in spite of several old ladies, who endeavored to introduce variety by prophesying it, but for an occurrence in which our May most sadly overstepped the bounds of propriety.

It was on a fine afternoon, in the beginning of August, that the young pastor was seen leading the fair cousins beyond the little clump of houses which we dignified by the title of village. Miss May's step was as precise as ever; but our bright lady of the possessive pronoun, walked now as though she thought she could guide herself, and was seeking an opportunity to drop the gentleman's arm. Their walk was,

as usual, delightful to all; for Miss May was treated with the most scrupulous attention; Mr. Melroy found the air refreshing and the scenery beautiful, to say nothing of the valued society of the cloud, and our May was always pleased. On this day she was even more frolicsome than usual; and having, accidentally, broken a wreath of frail, beautiful wild flowers, which she had been wreathing, Mr. Melroy so far unbent himself as to say he wished she had never linked a more enduring chain.

"What can he mean?" thought laughing May; but at that moment her attention was arrested by a field of haymakers, among whom she recognized familiar faces. The recognition was mutual, for instantly a young man called out, "There's our May!" and the giddy girl, turning about with an arch smile, and shaking her fingers at her companions, sprang lightly over the fence, and was soon in the midst of the haymakers. The young man, who at first recognized her, seized one of her hands, while a woman in a blue frock and calico bonnet appropriated the other, and the whole party, men, women, and children, gathered around the pretty hoyden, with a familiarity which, to Miss May, was perfectly astounding. Our May stood but a moment in the centre of the group, when a dozen voices, pitched on every imaginable key, roared forth a boisterous laugh, not, however, quite drowning her own clear-ringing tones; and then, with a sort of mock curtsy, she was bounding away, when the young man again stopped her. Our May paused a moment, as though undecided, while the young man stood before her, and by his earnest gestures seemed urging some affair of importance. Then a little girl was seen to leave the circle, and run until she came within hearing of the waiting couple, when she called out:

"Our May—Miss Loomis, I mean—says if you will excuse her, she will walk home alone, as she is n't quite ready now."

Mr. Melroy looked at Miss May, and Miss May looked at Mr. Melroy, and then both looked at the offending cousin. She had gone a little aside from the haymakers, and was talking with the young man, and, from their manner, it was evident that the conversation was intended for no other ear.

"We ought not to leave her," said Mr. Melroy.

"We ought to leave her," said Miss May, in a decided tone, and the gentleman complied.

It would be labor lost to follow home the astounded couple, as, for some reason or other, neither spoke until they entered Mr. Loomis's parlor, nor even then, for Miss May betook herself to her embroidery, and Mr. Melroy to the newspaper.

If our sober readers have not already shut the book, we would like to have them follow our May, our darling, gay, frolicsome, generous-hearted May, and learn the whole truth before they condemn her.

Joshua Miller, the owner of the hay-field, was a plain old farmer that our May had often seen in her uncle's store, and for whom, indeed, 'Squire Loomis entertained a very great respect. In leaving the store one day, he accidentally dropped his staff, and our May, with the lightness of a sylph, sprang before him, picked it up, and respectfully, yet with one of her most sparkling glances and winning smiles, placed it in the old man's hand. Nothing can be more flattering

to age than unexpected attention paid them by the young and happy, and father Miller never forgot the pretty, bright-faced girl, who "did not laugh at him because he was lame." When he came to the store afterwards, he always brought some fragrant, delicious offering, from the garden or the fields—fruits of his own cultivation, or flowers of his own gathering—and finally our May found it very pleasant to extend her walks to father Miller's farm-house, drink of the new milk, admire the cheese, talk of economy with the old man's children, and engage in a frolic with his grandchildren. Her condescension pleased the good people, while her mingled mirthfulness, sweetness, and good sense charmed them.

These were the haymakers she had seemed so happy to meet; and the young man who had urged her stay was Mr. Day, father Miller's son-in-law. But this was not an invitation to the farm-house. A family of Irish laborers had, within a few days, begged to be admitted into an old log building that stood on father Miller's farm, and the good old man, thinking that he might assist them by giving them employment, had readily consented. But the O'Neils had traveled a long, weary way, and been obliged sometimes to sleep upon the damp ground, so that they were scarcely settled before the mother and two of the children were seized with a violent fever. Mr. Day was anxious that our May should just look in upon the sufferers; and she, with that excessive sensitiveness which often accompanies true benevolence, chose rather to incur censure for foolish waywardness than to explain her conduct. It is often found that those who seem to possess the lightest and gayest hearts, have the warmest love nestling down among the flowers. These beautiful characters pass through the world unostentatiously, seldom recognized but by the eye of omniscience, loved by God, loved by the angels, and sometimes making themselves dear to some holy-hearted saint, near enough to heaven to see clearly the internal loveliness of the spirit.

Our May had still another motive for silence. She knew that if her cousin became aware of the situation of the family, she would call a meeting of the society, and the subject would be debated till assistance would come too late; and she thought that advice and sympathy, with the products of father Miller's farm, and the physician whom the contents of her own purse might place at her command, would be quite as useful to the O'Neils as the society's money. And then another *feeling* (it could scarce be called a motive) influenced our May, when she so unceremoniously sent home her companions wondering at her eccentricity. Mr. Melroy had always seemed to consider her a thoughtless, giddy child, and when any benevolent plan was broached, he invariably turned to her cousin, as though he never dreamed of consulting her, or supposed it possible that she could be interested; and she felt a kind of pleasure in concealing from him that "lower depth," where dwelt the sacred qualities which, too often, but bubble on the surface. In saying that our May was influenced by these considerations, I do not mean to say that she thought them over, or that she would have been able to present them intelligibly; she acted from a momentary impulse, but the impelling principle was unconsciously made up of these motives.

"No," thought the sunny-hearted May, as she went tripping lightly homeward, after seeing the O'Neils comparatively comfortable, "No; however lightly he may esteem me, he shall never think that I parade my goodness before his eyes for the sake of attracting his admiration." Then our pretty May began to wonder what the sober Mr. Melroy meant about her "linking a stronger chain;" and she wondered on so absorbingly that she insensibly slackened her pace, and almost forgot to enter when she reached her uncle's door.

The young clergyman was still in the parlor; and although Miss May commenced the usual, "my dear cousin, I feel it my duty to expostulate—" and although the expostulation was no pleasanter than ever to our May, she did not avail herself of the usual "Mr. Melroy—" but sat dumb, with a roguishly demure expression, unparalleled by any thing but the sometimes exceedingly wise air of a mischievous kitten.

"I think," said Mr. Melroy, endeavoring to smile, after Miss May had three several times appealed to him for his opinion, "I think that Miss Loomis" (he had never called her Miss Loomis before,) "must be allowed to be the exclusive judge of her own actions, since she chooses to conceal her motives from her friends."

"Some people act without motive," interrupted Miss May. Mr. Melroy shook his head doubtfully.

"Light minds are guided by impulse," pursued Miss May. Mr. Melroy looked more determinedly and severely serious than ever, but made no reply.

"Impulse," observed Miss May, with a wondrously wise look, "is a very dangerous guide—do n't you think so, Mr. Melroy?"

"The impulse of a bad heart."

"All hearts are depraved," continued Miss May, meekly folding her white hands, and turning her eyes to the carpet.

The young clergyman nodded assent; but it was evident that his thoughts were elsewhere.

"If cousin May *would* but be a little more sober-minded!" pursued the cloud, after a proper pause.

Mr. Melroy glanced at the blushing, half-trembling May, and appeared disconcerted.

"I know she means no harm—she is so thoughtless—but do n't you really think her exceedingly indiscreet, Mr. Melroy?"

"Excuse me, Miss Loomis," said the young clergyman, with a manner of excessive embarrassment. "I—I have no right to question the young lady's discretion; and if I attempted an opinion I might speak too unguardedly."

"So then you are obliged to put a guard upon your tongue, lest I should learn that you consider me a giddy, thoughtless, imprudent, heartless girl," said our May, with hasty earnestness; "but it is unnecessary, Mr. Melroy; I knew your opinion of me long ago."

"Then you know—" began the young pastor, and he looked still more confused.

"Then why not improve?" asked Miss May, in her very kindest tone.

"Because," answered May, the incorrigible, half-recovering her gayety, "because my most excellent cousin has goodness and discretion enough for both of us; or," she added, glancing upward, with a sweetly sobered expression of countenance, "because my Father gave me a happy heart and too many causes for

gratitude to admit of its learning the lesson of sadness."

Mr. Melroy was about to answer, but he was interrupted, by a knock at the door; and our village physician entered in great haste.

"I come," said he, to our May, "from O'Neils—the poor woman's worse, and I am afraid she will not hold out much longer. I advised them to send for a clergyman; but she says no one can pray for her like the sweet young lady who visited her to-night. So, my dear, if you will just jump into my carriage, your face will do more good than my medicine."

Our May snatched her bonnet, without speaking a word, or glancing at the astonished faces beside her; and she was half way to O'Neil's, before she knew that Mr. Melroy was by her side, and still held the hand by which he had assisted her into the carriage. For some reason, though a tremor crept from the heart into that pretty prisoned hand, our May did not think proper to withdraw it; and soon all selfish thoughts were dissipated by the scene of misery upon which they entered. Mrs. O'Neil was already dead; and the Millers, in whose hands the kind-hearted physician had left her, were endeavoring to silence the clamors of the children, and striving all they could to comfort O'Neil, who, with true Irish eloquence, was pouring out his lamentations over the corpse of his wife.

"An' there's the swate ledly who spake the kind word to me," said one of the noisy group, springing towards our May, "my mither said she was heaven's own angel, sure."

"Well, come to me," said our May, "and I will speak to you some more kind words—poor things! you need them, sorely."

The children gathered around the fair young girl, noisily at first; but, as she gradually gained their attention, their clamors ceased; and she at last made them consent to accompany father Miller to the farmhouse, where it was thought best for them to remain until after the funeral of the poor mother.

"And you will be very good and quiet," said our May, as the noisy troop were preparing to leave the hut.

"Sure an' we will," answered a bright boy, "if it be only for the sake of ye'r own beautiful face, Miss."

Mr. Melroy had succeeded in administering comfort to O'Neil, who at last consented to lie down and rest; and our May bent like the ministering angel that she was over the sick couch of the two children, smoothing their pillows and bathing their temples.

"This is a wretched family," observed Mr. Melroy, turning to Mr. Day.

"Ay, but it would have been more wretched still, if it had 'nt been for our May. She came as willingly as the like of her would walk into her uncle's parlor, the minute I made her know how much she was needed; and all these little comforts are of her ordering. She sent too for Dr. Houghton, and left her purse with me to pay him; but Dr. Houghton says he can't take money from such an angel."

"Is she always so?" asked Melroy, in a low tone.

"Always so! bless your heart, don't you know she's always so, and you the minister! Why she is doing good all the time, she's kind to every body, and no one can help loving her."

"No one can help it," answered Melroy, involuntarily, and glancing at our May, who was supporting the head of the little sufferer on her hand, while she was directing Mrs. Day how to prepare the medicine.

After the sick children had been cared for, and it was ascertained that Mr. and Mrs. Day, with one of her sisters, would remain at O'Neil's during the night, Dr. Houghton, with Mr. Melroy and our May, took leave. The drive home was performed in silence; and young parson Melroy, after conducting our May to her uncle's door, pressed her hand with a whispered, "God bless you!" and turned away.

In less than a twelve month from the death of poor Mrs. O'Neil very ominous preparations were going forward in the family mansion of Squire Loomis. They were ended at last by the introduction of our May to the pretty parsonage; and, although she still laughs very merrily, and sometimes overturns whole passages of her husband's eloquence by a single stroke of humor, although she still prefers doing good privately, and does not attend every meeting of the society, where her happy face appears, her husband's is far from being the only heart or the only tongue to pronounce the "God bless you!"

LOVE AND GLORY.

(See Plate.)

THE days of "Love and Glory" have passed, and it now requires something more attractive than a red coat, glittering epaulettes, and a sword snugly ensconced in its scabbard to win the hearts of our fair ladies of the nineteenth century. It is a very uncomfortable thing to have a lover away on a three years campaign, and to live in the daily expectation of seeing his name in the bulletin as among the dead or wounded. Our maidens prefer to fall in love with quiet citizens. Fewer tears are shed, it is true, and to the really romantic life is rather a tame affair, but this evil is not an unendurable one.

The lovers in the picture before us do not seem to be

very happy or very miserable. We presume they are about parting, she to dream of "Love" and he of "Glory." If he is going out to battle in defence of his country we wish him "God speed," if in the cause of wrong and oppression, a more honorable pursuit in life.

With us, the sight of a soldier always awakens unpleasant emotions. It is too sad a commentary upon the evil heart of man for us to think upon with other feelings. Still, we hold in the highest estimation the man who devotes his life to his country in fighting against her enemies, as we hold in the deepest detestation him who basely deserts her in her extremity.

THE MOTHER.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[THE Third Volume of the Series of Books, "THE MAIDEN," "THE WIFE," and "THE MOTHER," is nearly ready, and will appear in a few days. We give an extract in this number of our Magazine.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

"THERE come the children from school," said Aunt Mary, looking from the window. "Just see that Clarence! He'll have Henry in the gutter. I never saw just such another boy. Why can't he come quietly along like other children. There!—now he must stop to throw stones at the pigs. That boy'll give you the heart-ache yet, Anna."

Mrs. Hartley made no reply, but laid aside her work quietly and left the room, to see that their dinner was ready. In a few minutes the street door was thrown open, and the children came bounding in, full of life, and noisy as they could be.

"Where is your coat, Clarence?" she asked, in a pleasant tone, looking her oldest boy in the face.

"Oh, I forgot!" he replied, cheerfully, and turning quickly, he ran down stairs, and lifting his coat from where, in his thoughtlessness, he had thrown it upon the floor, hung it up in its proper place, and then sprung up the stairs.

"Isn't dinner ready yet?" he said, with fretful impatience, his whole manner changing suddenly. "I'm hungry."

"It will be ready in a few minutes, Clarence."

"I want it now. I'm hungry."

"Did you ever hear of the man," said Mrs. Hartley, in a voice that showed no disturbance of mind, "who wanted the sun to rise an hour before its time?"

"No, mother. Tell me about it, won't you?"

All impatience had vanished from the boy's face.

"There was a man who had to go upon a journey. The stage coach was to call for him at sunrise. More than an hour before it was time for the sun to be up, the man was all ready to go, and for the whole of that hour he walked the floor impatiently, grumbling at the sun because he did not rise. 'I'm all ready, and I want to be going,' he said. 'It's time the sun was up, long ago.' Do n't you think he was a very foolish man?"

Clarence laughed, and said he thought the man was very foolish indeed.

"Do you think he was more foolish than you were, just now, for grumbling because dinner was n't ready?"

Clarence laughed again, and said he did not know. Just then, Hannah, the cook, brought in the waiter, with the children's dinner upon it. Clarence sprang for a chair, and drew it hastily and noisily to the table.

"Try and see if you can't do that more orderly, my dear," his mother said, in a quiet voice, looking at him as she spoke, with a steady eye.

The boy removed his chair, and then replaced it gently.

"That is much better, my son."

And thus she corrected his disorderly habits, quieted his impatient temper, and checked his rudeness, without showing any disturbance. This she had to do daily. At almost every meal she found it necessary to repress his rude impatience. It was line upon line, and precept upon precept. But she never tired, and rarely permitted herself to show that she was disturbed, no matter how deeply grieved she was at times over the wild and reckless spirit of her boy.

On the next day she was not very well. Her head ached badly all the morning. Hearing the children in the passage, when they came in from school at noon, she was rising from the bed where she had lain down, to attend to them, and give them their dinners, when Aunt Mary said—

"Do n't get up, Anna. I will see to the children."

It was rarely that Mrs. Hartley let any one do for them what she could do herself, for no one else could manage the unhappy temper of Clarence. But so violent was the pain in her head, that she let Aunt Mary go, and sunk back upon the pillow from which she had arisen. A good deal of noise and confusion continued to reach her ears, from the moment the children came in. At length a loud cry, and passionate words from Clarence, caused her to rise up quickly and go over to the dining room. All was confusion there, and Aunt Mary out of humor, and scolding prodigiously. Clarence was standing up at the table, looking defiance at her, on account of some interference with his strong self-will. The moment the boy saw his mother, his countenance changed, and a look of confusion took the place of anger.

"Come over to my room, Clarence," she said, in a low voice; there was sadness in its tones, that made him feel sorry that he had given vent so freely to his ill-temper.

"What was the matter, my son?" Mrs. Hartley asked, as soon as they were alone, taking Clarence by the hand, and looking steadily at him.

"Aunt Mary would n't help me when I asked her."

"Why not?"

"She would help Henry first."

"No doubt she had a reason for it. Do you know her reason?"

"She said he was youngest." Clarence pouted out his lips, and spoke in a very disagreeable tone.

"Do n't you think that was a very good reason?"

"I've as good a right to be helped first as he has."

"Let us see if that is so. You and Marien and Henry came in from school, all hungry, and anxious for your dinners. Marien is oldest—she, one would suppose, from the fact that she is oldest, would be better able to feel for her brothers, and be willing to

see their wants supplied before her own. You are older than Henry, and should feel for him in the same way. No doubt this was Aunt Mary's reason for helping Henry first. Had she helped Marien?"

"No, ma'am."

"Did Marien complain?"

"No, ma'am."

"No one complained but my unhappy Clarence. Do you know why you complained? I can tell you, as I have often told you before. It is because you indulge in very selfish feelings. All who do so, make themselves miserable. If, instead of wanting Aunt Mary to help you first, you had, from a love of your little brother, been willing to see him first attended to, you would have enjoyed a real pleasure. If you had said—'Aunt Mary, help Harry first,' I am sure Henry would have said, instantly—'No, Aunt Mary, help brother Clarence first.' How pleasant this would have been; how happy would all of us have felt at thus seeing two little brothers generously preferring one another."

There was an unusual degree of tenderness, even sadness, in the voice of his mother, that affected Clarence. But he struggled with his feelings. When, however, she resumed, and said—

"I have felt quite sick all the morning. My head has ached badly—so badly that I have had to lie down. I always give you your dinners when you come home, and try to make you comfortable. To-day I let Aunt Mary do it, because I felt so sick. But I am sorry that I did not get up, sick as I was, and do it myself—then I might have prevented this unhappy outbreak of my boy's unruly temper, that has made not only my head ache ten times as badly as it did, but my heart ache also—"

Clarence burst into tears, and throwing his arms around his mother's neck, wept bitterly.

"I will try and be good, dear mother!" he said.

"I do try, sometimes, but it seems that I can't."

"You must always try, my dear son. Now dry up your tears, and go out and get your dinner. Or, if you would rather I would go with you, I will do so."

"No, dear mother!" replied the boy, affectionately. "You are sick. You must not go. I will be good."

Clarence kissed his mother again, and then returned quietly to the dining room.

"Naughty boy!" said Aunt Mary, as he entered, looking sternly at him.

A bitter retort came instantly to the tongue of Clarence, but he checked himself with a strong effort, and took his place at the table. Instead of soothing the quick-tempered boy, Aunt Mary chafed him by her words and manner during the whole meal, and it was only the image of his mother's tearful face, and the remembrance that she was sick, that restrained an outbreak of his passionate temper.

When Clarence left the table, he returned to his mother's room, and laid his head upon the pillow where her's was resting.

"I love you, mother," he said, affectionately. "You are good. But I hate Aunt Mary."

"O, no, Clarence. You must not say that you hate Aunt Mary, for Aunt Mary is very kind to you. You mustn't hate any body."

"She is n't kind to me, mother. She calls me a bad boy, and says every thing to make me angry when I want to be good."

"Think, my son, if there is not some reason for Aunt Mary calling you a bad boy. You know, yourself, that you act very naughtily sometimes, and provoke Aunt Mary a great deal."

"But she said I was a naughty boy, when I went out just now; and I was sorry for what I had done, and wanted to be good."

"Aunt Mary did n't know that you were sorry, I am sure. When she called you 'naughty boy,' what did you say?"

"I was going to say 'you're a fool!' but I did n't. I tried hard not to let my tongue say the bad words, though it wanted to."

"Why did you try not to say them?"

"Because it would have been wrong, and would have made you feel sorry. And I love you." Again the repentant boy kissed her. His eyes were full of tears, and so were the eyes of his mother.

While talking over this incident with her husband, Mrs. Hartley said,—

"Were not all these impressions so light, I would feel encouraged. The boy has warm and tender feelings, but I fear that his passionate temper and selfishness will, like evil weeds, completely check their growth."

"The case is bad enough, Anna, but not so bad, I hope, as you fear. These good affections are never active in vain. They impress the mind with an indelible impression. In after years the remembrance of them will revive the states they produced, and give strength to good desires and intentions. Amid all his irregularities, and wanderings from good, in after life, the thoughts of his mother will restore the feelings he had to day, and draw him back from evil with chords of love that cannot be broken. The good now implanted will remain, and, like ten just men, save the city. In most instances where men abandon themselves finally to evil courses, it will be found that the impressions made in childhood were not of the right kind. That the mother's influence was not what it should have been. For myself, I am sure that a different mother would have made me a different man. When a boy, I was too much like Clarence; but the tenderness with which my mother always treated me, and the unimpassioned but earnest manner in which she reproved and corrected my faults, subdued my unruly temper. When I became restless or impatient, she always had a book to read to me, or a story to tell, or had some device to save me from myself. My father was neither harsh nor indulgent towards me; I cherish his memory with respect and love. But I have different feelings when I think on my mother. I often feel, even now, as if she were near me—as if her cheek were laid to mine. My father would *place his hand upon my head*, caressingly, but my mother would *lay her cheek against mine*. I did not expect my father to do more—I do not know that I would have loved him had he done more, for him it was a natural expression of affection. But no act is too tender for a mother. Her kiss upon my cheek, her warm embrace, are all felt now, and the older I grow the more holy seem the influences that surrounded me in childhood."

THE TAX GATHERER.

BY E. FERRETT.

(See Plate.)

ONE of the principal privileges of an Englishman is having to pay taxes upon light, food, and raiment—taxes which oppress the poor and needy, and fall easily on the shoulders of the wealthy—which are assessed in an inverse proportion to men's incomes, making those who have little, pay much, those who have much, pay little. Those who, by hard labor, earn a bare subsistence for their families, pay twenty per cent. on their income, while those who wallow in hereditary wealth, pay scarcely a quarter per cent. The fundamental principle of English taxation is the sliding scale, and as all taxes are made by the wealthy, their amount is contrived to decrease as the income increases, and increase as it diminishes.

Tax gatherers, like excisemen, enjoy a notoriety by no means enviable. Generally they are men of blunted and obtuse sensibilities, who, "dressed in a little brief authority," take pleasure in grinding down defaulters, and seem, like Shylock, to long for the heart's blood of those unfortunate debtors who cannot meet their liabilities.

Every village has its tax gatherer, and the neat little village of Weston was blessed in being the especial charge of Mr. Thomas Cottell, who, though nature had somewhat stunted his upward growth, rejoiced in such unusual breadth of dimensions, as amply compensated, in the aggregate of quantity, for any deficiency of height. Cottell was a true specimen of his tribe, consequential, conceited, and ill-tempered—obsequious and fawning to the rich, tyrannical and overbearing to the poor—firmly believing that sin was only another name for poverty, and that not to be rich was not to be virtuous—that a man's moral character depended solely upon the punctuality with which he paid his taxes, and his chances of future happiness on the amount of his funded property. He had been long settled in the village, and had reached middle age, when a new family arrived in Weston, one of the members of which was destined to call into action a hitherto dormant passion of Mr. Cottell's mind. Heretofore Mr. Cottell had never felt affection for any but himself or his ugly cur Tiger, who was as celebrated for his rudeness to the poor cats of the neighborhood, as his master was for brutality to the poorer people. But "a change came o'er the spirit of" Mr. Cottell's "dream;" the man was softened; from being wrapt in the contemplation of his own consequence, he became absorbed in reflections upon the surpassing beauty of Sarah Taylor, and poor debtors, who were in hourly dread of a visit from their tormenter, were suffered to remain undisturbed, alike to their gratification and astonishment.

The new comers in the village were an old man

and his only daughter. Mr. Taylor had, at one period of his life, been a successful merchant, but the casualties to which such men are liable, had reduced him to a condition of extreme poverty. He had been many years a widower, and his only daughter, Sarah, was the sharer and lightener of her father's cares and sorrows. For some months they had struggled on in the metropolis, Sarah's accomplishments enabling her to provide a somewhat precarious subsistence, when an old friend of Taylor's died, and left him a small annuity, just sufficient to support him and his daughter comfortably. Both father and daughter were lovers of country life, and they speedily removed from the densely populated capital to a neat little cottage in the isolated village of Weston. In villages, every body knows every body, and every body's business, so, of course, Mr. Cottell knew all about Mr. Taylor, and speedily contrived to establish himself upon visiting footing. Mr. Taylor tolerated his society, from being too indolent to take the decided measures necessary to check the advances of so impudent a man as Cottell; thus, rarely a day passed without the man of taxes spending a considerable time at Mr. Taylor's cottage, during which time Cottell indulged himself in admiring Sarah's beauty, sprightly disposition, and thrifty housewifery—ever and anon, taking a slight excursion into dream-land, and picturing the fair girl as ministering to him with the careful anxiety with which she anticipated the wants of her father.

Cottell was not only a bold man, but a conceited one; his dreams were never darkened by a shadowy doubt of his ability to win the fair Sarah for his bride. He considered himself, abstracted from his position, perfectly competent to gain the affections of any girl; but when he thought of himself as an important servant of the government, possessed, withal, of no inconsiderable amount of wealth, independent of his handsome income, he would have as soon supposed it possible for a refractory debtor to successfully resist his power, as for a portionless girl, like Sarah Taylor, to refuse his proffered love.

In this happy state, Cottell suffered a few months to pass, during which he spent much time at Taylor's, pestering the old gentleman with his pompous ignorance, and occasionally favoring Sarah with an attempt at gallantry, and a few ogles, much in the same style that a mule would play the lap dog, or an ogre look at the lady he intended to devour for his breakfast. Women are proverbially quick-witted, and most especially so in matters relating to the heart. Sarah soon discovered that she had made a conquest of the Tax Gatherer—a discovery more strange than wel-

come. With lady-like tact, she, from time to time, evaded the various efforts that her swain was constantly making to reveal his passion; and so successfully did she out-general him, that the impatient lover determined to change his attack, and by appealing to her father, secure his co-operation, and thus take the field with additional force.

Accordingly, one balmy summer evening, he paid his usual visit to Mr. Taylor, and finding the old gentleman alone, after a few common places, he boldly opened his subject.

"Mr. Taylor, I need not tell you that I am a man of few words; a gentleman of your penetration must have discovered that long ago. I am a plain man, Mr. Taylor, and must speak out in a straight forward manner. I dare say you can understand the subject to which I am going to allude."

"Indeed, Mr. Cottell, you overrate my penetration. Pray explain yourself."

"Mr. Taylor, you must have remarked that I have been a frequent visitor at your house of late." Poor Taylor was painfully conscious of the fact, but he merely bowed, and Cottell continued—"Well, sir, did you never think of what brought me here so often? Did it never occur to you that there was something attractive in your house? Yes, sir, I have been drawn here by my admiration of your daughter. I love your daughter, sir; and I want your consent to my marrying her!"

Cottell delivered this speech with an energy totally at variance from his usual phlegmatic style of talking, and so astonished was Taylor, alike at the manner and matter, that it was some minutes ere he could answer. At length he said:

"Mr. Cottell, this is wholly unexpected. I had not imagined that any such cause produced the honor of your frequent visits. But I cannot answer you in this matter. It is a subject on which Sarah must decide. I will never control her in the choice of a husband. I believe that her good sense will prevent her making an unwise choice, and her pure and unsophisticated mind from loving a bad man; therefore I must refer you to her."

"But, sir," said Cottell, "what do you think about it? Are *you* willing to give me your daughter?"

This was rather a difficult question for Taylor to answer. He was well aware that Cottell was a wealthy man, and that by marrying him, his daughter would be secured from pecuniary want. He also knew that his own income died with him, and that their utmost care and providence enabled them to save but little. Still, Cottell was certainly very far from the order of man he would like to see his daughter marry, and, not wishing to commit himself, he simply answered:

"It is unnecessary, Mr. Cottell, for me to express an opinion; as I have already said, the decision rests with Sarah, and I shall readily agree with the one she comes to."

The words were common place; but there was a dignity about the old gentleman's manner, which, for a time, silenced even Cottell's pertinacity. Presently he returned to the charge. "Where is Miss Sarah, sir? Can I see her, and know her determination at once?"

"Sarah has gone out for a walk with her cousin, Frank Cooper, who arrived here this afternoon, on a

visit for a week or ten days. I expect her return every minute, but as there would be some awkwardness in mentioning this subject before a third person, you had better leave it with me, Mr. Cottell, to explain the matter to Sarah in the morning."

This was not at all to Cottell's taste. For some weeks he had been conning over the speech that he was to make when declaring his passion; and he had a vague idea that love making should not be carried on by proxy; besides which, he was not altogether satisfied with the intelligence that Sarah was walking with a cousin. Cousins are dangerous companions, especially when young and good looking. After a variety of direct and indirect inquiries, hints and innuendoes, Cottell succeeded in ascertaining that Frank Cooper was a young man of four or five and twenty, and a lieutenant in the navy; that he was a son of Mr. Taylor's sister; that he had, of course, been intimate with the Taylors in their better days, that he was but just returned from a twelvemonth's cruise, and had come down to spend a part of his furlough with his old friends. The time occupied in fishing out this information, had lengthened Cottell's visit beyond all ordinary limits, and Sarah and her companion not making their appearance, there was no alternative, he was compelled to depart, leaving Mr. Taylor to report his offer to the young lady.

From Taylor's cottage to Cottell's residence, there were two roads, or rather paths, one a lane shaded by elms, and high hawthorn bushes, the other through two fields, in which there was a broad pathway. The fields were several feet above the level of the road, and alongside the hedgerow which divided them, ran a murmuring brook, that in the quiet evening, rippled audibly over its pebbly bottom. When Cottell left Mr. Taylor's night had set in, but it was brilliantly illuminated by the full moon, which sailing through the unclouded sky, gave a light almost as clear, and much softer than the broad glare of day. The tranquil and serene beauty of the night accorded ill with the dissatisfied spirit of the doughty Tax Gatherer, who sallying forth, took the lane, as being less frequented, and better enabling him to look out for Sarah Taylor, and the man he felt convinced was her lover. He had proceeded about half way home, when he fancied he heard voices, and creeping quietly along, aided by the babbling brook, speedily discovered Sarah and her cousin sitting on the stile which divided the two fields, and oh! lamentable sight for Cottell, Frank's arm was passed lovingly around her waist, and Sarah's beaming face turned to her cousin, her speaking eyes shining more brilliantly than the beautiful planet above her. Cottell drew closer, and remaining motionless, heard a conversation that confirmed his worst fears.

"And so, dear Sarah, you have not entirely forgotten your wandering cousin?"

"Nay, Frank, my memory must be indeed treacherous if I were to forget one of my oldest friends. How can I forget the consistent young gentleman, who in his boyish days quarrelled with every youth who spoke to me, and then would have quarrelled with myself, had I not been too amiable for even his anger to ruffle my sweet temper."

"No slander, Sarah, or I shall take a cousin's privilege, and seal your lips with a kiss."

"The time for enjoying such privileges is past

Frank. They belong to childhood, and our happy childhood is gone. We are now grave, sober folks, and like men and women, must pay proper respect to the laws of decorum."

"But may not the feelings of childhood continue in after life? May not the love of the boy be continued in manhood? Believe me, Sarah, it is so. Passionately as I adored you in my younger days, I had not then a tenth part of the love for you which now absorbs every other feeling. It has grown with my growth, strengthened with my strength, matured with my manhood—and is now the ruling principle which governs every action."

"Hush! hush! Frank. The moon is at the full to-night, and you know that you were ever effected by its influence."

"Dear Sarah! be serious for a moment. Do not ridicule me. I love you, devotedly. Tell me, am I to be happy or miserable? Does your kindness to me proceed from sisterly affection, or can I hope for a warmer place in your love?"

The earnest and impassioned tones of the young man, pleaded too powerfully to be answered with raillery. Even in Sarah's last sentence her voice had faltered, though her words were light. Now her bosom heaved, but she gave no answer to her cousin's appeal.

Frank's arm was tightened around her waist, and as he drew her closer to him, he gazed eagerly and anxiously into her face, exclaiming—"One word, Sarah! one look, to tell me that I am not altogether wretched."

"Dear, dear Frank!" murmured Sarah, as her head rested upon his shoulder, and the lover repeatedly availed himself of the cousinly privilege, before alluded to, much to the delight and gratification of the listening Cottell.

Oh! that first kiss of love, when youth, and health, and hope are strong within us, when the future glows with the rainbow tints of our own vivid imaginations—when no clouds darken our joy's horizon—no gloomy and vague distrustings of the morrow lessen the pleasures of to-day—alas! that such feelings should be so fleeting—so evanescent—as transient as they are gorgeous. Alas! that the stern realities of life should hourly teach us to anticipate evil, to indulge sparingly in present gratification, fearing that the next hour may bring sorrow and trouble. Alas! that our experience should lead us to fear evil even before it comes.

Frank and Sarah had both known trouble, but they were young, and in love; that love now first clearly confessed and responded to. What to them were the fancied difficulties, and dangers conjured up by the timid? Mere chimeras—powerless, and utterly incapable of affecting their happiness. A few minutes passed in the blissful consciousness of reciprocal affection, when Frank broke silence—"Dear Sarah! your father will not object to my suit, I feel confident. Shall I speak to him at once, and ask for his consent to our union?"

"Nonsense, Frank!" replied Sarah, recovering her animation. "What right have you to think about a wife? You, a sailor! why you are always at sea—a pretty husband, truly!"

"But Sarah, I shall retire on half pay, which with what I have, will make us comfortable—we will be

patterns of domestic felicity—a perfect Darby and Joan."

"And pray, sir, what's to become of my other lover? How is he to be got rid of? And suppose my father should deem him the more prudent match of the two? You see there are some difficulties in the way."

"Oh! as to the Tax-Gatherer," cried Frank, "if he dares to interfere, I'll choke him with his own tax book; and your father loves you too well to urge your marrying a man that he cannot fail to despise."

The latter proposition was known to be true by Sarah; so, after some further talk, it was agreed that Frank should speak to his uncle in the morning, and as Sarah suddenly discovered that it was late, and her father would be alarmed, they pursued their way home, not before Cottell was annoyed by a repetition of those cousinly privileges for which Frank seemed to have an especial taste.

Dire were the maledictions heaped upon Frank's head by the enraged Cottell; at one moment he had almost determined to break through the hedge, and at once engage in a personal struggle with his successful rival, but the athletic form and fearless brow of the young sailor warned him that such a step would be attended with serious danger. He, therefore, suffered the lovers to depart unmolested; and walked home, revolving in his mind, schemes for overthrowing the young people's anticipated happiness.

Whatever were the evil intentions of the Tax Gatherer, no immediate opportunity occurred for carrying his plans into execution. But he was not a man to forget a wrong, real or imagined. Like all narrow-minded people, he was, what Johnson calls "a good hater." He could nurse his wrath until the fitting time arrived for its outbreak; and thus he treasured up in his mind a reckoning against the unfortunate Sarah, which he determined should some day be as completely settled as any tax bill that he had.

The following morning Frank Cooper revealed to his uncle his hopes and wishes. A cordial consent followed his declaration, and it was agreed between Mr. Taylor and the young man, that Sarah should not be informed of the Tax Gatherer's offer, as it was clear that Cottell entertained a bad feeling, which might be the cause of unnecessary alarm to her.

The requisite arrangements on the part of Frank were speedily made, and as there was no affectation in Sarah's character, a few weeks subsequently, they were united, and as was agreed, took up their abode with Mr. Taylor. The unclouded happiness of the bridegroom, the blushing and subdued felicity of the bride, must be left to the reader's imagination,—such is the general custom, because the rhapsodies of lovers, married or single, are said to be tiresome to others, but we are rather disposed to think that such descriptions are omitted from a consciousness of inability to describe in sufficiently glowing language, some of the holiest and most beautiful feelings of humanity. There is an under current of romance in the minds of most people, that, however, they may pretend to ridicule every tender feeling, readily responds to such thoughts, making the chords vibrate, which may have been silent for years, and which are more powerful when awakened from the very cautiousness with which they have been hidden from the vulgar gaze.

Let us imagine a lapse of four or five years, during which period old father Time has been busily occupied. Poor Mr. Taylor had passed away, Sarah and her husband had paid to his remains the last tribute of respect and affection, and the void in their hearts had been filled by the birth of a child, which had grown into a fine little girl. For three years after the marriage of Frank and Sarah, their happiness would have been uninterrupted, but for the death of their father. At the expiration of that time, their felicity was disturbed.

War broke out, and Frank Cooper, in common with other half pay officers, had to go on active service, or resign his commission. The latter alternative would have left him with scarcely any means to provide for his wife and child, and his seafaring life had unfitted him for the ordinary pursuits, by which landmen realize an income. In time of war the sale of a commission would imply so questionable a courage, that Frank, who could not brook any imputations of that kind, determined, in spite of Sarah's tears and remonstrances, to go once more to sea. This was a sad trial to Sarah—all her dreams of a long and happy domestic life were dissipated, an undefined fear crept over her, which she could no more account for, than shake off. So sad were her anticipations, that more than once Frank was tempted to abandon his project, and suffer his commission to go, but then came the knowledge that all men would not understand his real motive, and vanity conquered.

The parting was sad enough to both, although worse to Sarah than her husband. Those who are left behind always suffering most from separation, while those who go out into the world have their sorrow chastened by the necessity for constant exertion, and by continual change of scene. During three months Sarah occasionally got a letter from her husband. Upon these, and the caresses of her child, she seemed to exist. But her trouble was not yet at its height. News arrived that the vessel in which Frank had sailed was not to be found at her station, or in the latitude in which she had been ordered to cruise. Then came rumors of the discovery of various parts of a vessel, indicating a wreck, and, finally, a confirmed and detailed account of the wreck of some large vessel, which was at length proved to be the one in which Sarah's husband had left England. Words are faint depictees of sorrow, more particularly when used in description. Sarah's was a grief that did not show itself in externals; her spirit was crushed and broken; her hopes in this world were over. A sad duty remained, that of rearing her child, a duty that she would perform well and carefully, but the flowers of her existence were blighted; life was to her such a monotonous and uninteresting state, that she cared not how soon she changed, could she have been allowed to watch over the welfare of her child. After a few months, as if the measure of her woes had not been sufficiently filled, she began to suffer from pecuniary distress. A gentleman of the village had made the necessary application to government for the pension, to which Mrs. Cooper, as the widow of a naval officer, was entitled. This application had not as yet resulted in the desired remittance. Many months had elapsed, without her claim being either legally recognized or positively denied. At length some of her

creditors grew clamorous; she had continued to reside in the cottage that had been the abode of her happy days, when cheered by the love of her father and husband. Its walls were endeared by many a tender recollection, it was a sad pleasure, a pleasing melancholy to live over again the scenes that were passed—to sit where she had conversed with her lost friends, and to fancy that even then their spirits watched over and protected her. She might have found a cheaper residence, but the pleadings of her heart would not be resisted.

Among the very few persons who were not contented to suffer their demands to stand over until the widow's claim was admitted, was her quondam lover the Tax Gatherer. This gentleman understood the Ravenswood motto, and could "bide" his "time." That time had come, and he determined that he would be amply revenged for Mrs. Cooper's preferring Frank to himself. Accordingly, he commenced dunning the unfortunate widow for her taxes, for, with a perversity common to all law, which is said to be the perfection of justice, the poor widow, who could not procure her right from the government, was yet subject to the persecutions of one of its minions for not paying her mite in due time. Day after day would her ruthless tormentor call and threaten to institute proceedings against her. Poor Sarah suffered the curse of poverty in its bitterest form, for it subjected her to insult. She was too proud to borrow the money, and had no alternative but to bear in silence, and patiently wait her long expected pension.

Cottell's narrow mind exulted in the misery he caused, and he resolved that he would avail himself of Sarah's poverty to make another essay upon her heart.

With this view, he fortified himself for his task by taking an extra glass or two after dinner, and arrived at the widow's cottage in that delightful state of obstinacy and impudence only to be found in half-drunken men, who, when sober, entertain a high opinion of their own talent and ability.

Sarah's meek and resigned countenance had no effect on her brutal visitor, who commenced with,—
"Now, Mrs. Cooper, are you going to pay these taxes; or must I keep calling for ever? How many more times must I come?"

"Indeed, Mr. Cottell, I am sorry to give you so much trouble, but you know that I must soon get my pension allowed, and the arrears paid up, when I will not lose a moment in settling with you."

"How do I know, ma'am, that you will get any pension? How do I know it is not all an imposition? Government don't do things in that way, ma'am. Claims that have any foundation are admitted immediately, and so would your's if it had any."

Poor Sarah's spirit was too much broken to resent even this insult, and she lifted her eyes from the ground, exclaiming: "What *shall* I do? How am I to act?"

"I'll tell you, Mrs. Cooper, what to do. Look here, ma'am, I am a plain man—a man of few words—I want somebody to take care of my house—I want a wife. I once asked your father to give you to me, but I heard you accept another. Well, that's over, and I do n't bear malice; so, if you've a mind to be Mrs. Cottell, why I'm willing, and that'll settle the taxes, that's all."

Astonishment had kept Sarah silent until he had finished, then the few embers of her native spirit blazed forth. "Leave me, sir, at once! How dare you address me thus? Are you a man? Have you no feeling? You should blush for very shame at so cowardly an insult to an unprotected woman!"

"Big words won't pay the taxes, Mrs. Cooper. Take your choice, ma'am; but you must either have me, or I'll sell the bed from under you. So, now, let us hear your decision."

"Shame, shame upon you!" again exclaimed Sarah. "Begone, sir! I despise your threats as much as I do you. I would rather beg bread for myself and child, from door to door, than marry such a monster as you, even if I were free of heart as the merriest girl in the world," and Sarah turned from him to close her door, but ere she could get in, Cottell seized her by the arm, and scowling upon her, with all his evil passions aroused, cried—

"You shall rue this, Mrs. Cooper! I am not a man to be thwarted with impunity."

Sarah shrieked for help, and just as Cottell was clasping her arm more tightly and about to utter a further threat, a strong hand was laid upon his collar, and, in spite of his weight, he was hurled round, and only saved from falling by coming in contact with a tree which grew close to the door of the cottage.

Poor Sarah looked up, uttered a cry of astonishment, and sunk, fainting, into the arms of the new comer, who was no other than the identical Frank Cooper, supposed to have been lost fifteen months before.

In the excitement of the Tax Gatherer and Mrs. Cooper, they had not heard the steps of her husband, and he had thus come upon them at so unexpected and happy a moment.

Frank's sudden appearance was soon explained. The vessel in which he had sailed had been wrecked, and he and several others picked up by an outward bound East-Indiaman. He had been unable to meet with any homeward bound vessel, and so was compelled to take the voyage, without any means of informing his wife of his safety.

It was with difficulty that Sarah prevented Frank from chastising the discomfited Tax Gatherer, when he learned the extent of his insults to his wife, but Sarah was too happy to allow of any dissension, and so poor Mr. Cottell was permitted to sneak away with a whole skin, sufficiently punished in feeling himself powerless to inflict evil.

The war was over, and Frank settled down for life perfectly comfortable, Sarah and he often indulging in a laugh at the expense of their old enemy—the Tax Gatherer.

A DREAM OF HOME.

BY MARY HEMPLE.

By the light of a happy dream,
Her bounding pulse was stir'd,
With a thrill as warm, and full of joy,
As the song of a just-freed bird;
Far o'er the wide, wide sea,
Flew her bright glad thoughts away,
Unbound from the fetters of busy care,
Which shackle the live-long day.

The home of her earlier years,
Rose fair to her sleeping eyes,
And the glow that brightened her first glad smiles
Shone out from the smiling skies;
The calm clear air slept soothingly,
On her weary, heated brow,
And never, never in childhood's glee,
Had it felt so sweet as now.

The village church shone out,
From the old dim shadowed trees,
And the breath of flowers—old England's flowers—
Came floating on the breeze;

The very leaves had kindly looks,
And whispers low and bland,
And their shadows greeted her lovingly,
Like the clasp of a friendly hand.

In the old church-yard the grave-stones gleamed,
White—pure in the sunny air,
And the sleeper lingered among them long,
For a mother's grave was there;
The smiles—that fitted across her face,
When first the dreamer slept—
Were not so gently, deeply sweet,
As the tears, which now she wept.

There is wealth, rich wealth in dreams,
Which we yield too lightly up,
A drop of joy—for the bitterness
Of life's o'erflowing cup;
Heed while it whispers—the angel-voice
That speaks through the shades of sleep,
Look up, when shadows veil the earth,
And triumph the while you weep.

THE BRIDE OF GOWANUS.

BY J. H. MANCUR.

Author of "Henri Quatre; or, the Days of the League." &c. &c.

It was a summer morn, in the early part of the eighteenth century, or, to narrate more precisely, in the summer of A. D. 1708, when Mietje Cortelyou, the daughter of a substantial resident of Gowanus, Long Island, left home, unattended, to visit a neighboring bowery or farm. Mietje was an heiress. Her father, Nicholas Cortelyou, had accumulated wealth as a factor and merchant in the thriving port of New York. After the sudden decease of his wife, he grew disgusted with business, sold the stock-in-trade, and store house, in the city, and retired to his farm in the district of Gowanus, at the head of the creek of that name. Here, a few years previously, he had built—on the roadside which borders the marsh—a strong stone dwelling, which the widower now occupied with his only child, and his household slaves, and free servants. Nicholas proved, in truth, but a sorry farmer, as regarded skill and application; and Mietje, more accustomed to the conveniences of a town life, than the laborious duties of the bowery, was far from being applauded by neighboring housewives, as an exemplar and pattern to their daughters. But Mietje was consoled for the disparaging inuendos of her own sex, by the flattering attentions she elicited from the other. Were the parents of the young Dutch farmers, who sought to win her smiles, disposed to condemn her want of many of the qualities which should characterize an excellent bowery-wife, yet they could offer no valid objection to the tobacco-field, corn and woodland, of which she was sole heiress, still less to the gold and silver which Nicholas held in store, or had placed out at interest. Mietje was a comely, buxom lass of nineteen, not indisposed, at heart, to set a high value on her personal attractions and worldly expectations, but which she concealed, purposely, or unconsciously, by a carelessness of manner, at once piquant and engaging, and a flow of vivacity, which the ill natured and envious attributed to levity, and the better-disposed to absence of a mother's control.

Mietje, as we said, left home to pay a visit. The district was but thinly populated, neighbors were few in number, lived far apart, and the damsel had to walk a mile or more. During her stay the sky grew overcast, fortelling the approach of a storm. Mietje was solicited to remain and bide the event; but she resisted every entreaty, insisting that the gathered clouds would pass away, or should it prove otherwise, there was ample time to reach home ere the elemental strife commenced. Forced to declare a reason for her obstinacy, she alleged an appointment with her father, who was hourly expected from New York. To escape from the ironical smiles with which this excuse was received, and the broad hints that other, and more interesting visitors

were expected, Mietje flung on her bonnet, and ran homeward. The heavens were indeed lowering, yet the distance was not very great, and surely she could outstrip the lagging tempest! But the wind rose, suddenly, sweeping through the foliage, and whirling aloft the sand and dust. Her heart misgave her; she repented her temerity; she knew too well the immediate heralds of the storm, longer to indulge hope of escape. Ere the gale subsided, the rain fell in large heavy drops, presently increasing to a torrent. No other shelter presented but an overhanging bank, from which sand had been excavated. To this she fled, at the moment that a rapid flash of lightning filled her with new terror and dismay. Regret and self-reproach were alike useless. She crept close within the half-formed cave, trusting that the fury of the tempest would soon abate, or that aid were at hand, from the neighbor's she had rashly quitted, or from her own home. Though protected from the rain, incessant flashes of lightning, accompanied by loud and prolonged bursts of thunder, quailed her spirits. Bitterly she repented her temerity, but her dismay vanished on hearing the tramp of horses,—her friends have come in search!

Eagerly she casts her eyes in the direction whence the sounds proceed. Two horsemen, dashing furiously onward, turn an angle of the road,—alas! they are strangers. Drenched with the descending deluge, they perceive, with pleasure, the sand-cave, and rein up beneath the projection. Mietje, in fear, crouched behind a huge boulder-stone.

"Thank heaven! even for this!" cried a rough voice.

"For what?" uttered the other, laughing, "the rain or the shelter?"

"My lord is pleased to be facetious," rejoined the rough voice.

Mietje could not comprehend the alleged facetiousness, but she ventured a peep at the travelers. The elder was a man of about forty, of bold, jovial aspect, struggling, as it seemed, with an obsequiousness, extorted by the presence of a patron. But for a projecting under lip, which lent a sinister expression to the features, he might have been pronounced handsome. His companion was some years younger, of a gay, dissolute, reckless air, which proclaimed, too palpably to be mistaken, in the language of the day—a confirmed rake. Their dress denoted rank and station. A cockaded hat, encircled with a feather, which the storm had sadly despoiled, bespoke military command. Mietje did not remain long concealed. The younger traveler on edging his horse nearer the stone, to escape the rain, suddenly exclaimed—

"Why, captain, what have we here—a bonnet? and by Jove! a wench under it."

As he spoke, the maiden who feared encountering the strangers alone, yet mortified that she should have been discovered in an attitude of fear, arose hastily, indignant at the coarse remark, and stood before them. Indignation deepened the hue of her cheek, lent lustre to her large eye, and dignity to her figure. Both the captain and his lordship were struck with admiration, if not awed, by the sudden apparition. But the latter, quickly recovering self-possession, cried, with the easy tone of levity, peculiar to his class,—“What is thy name, sweetheart?”

“Mietje Cortelyou, sir,” replied the girl, who began to entertain a shrewd opinion of the name and quality of the traveler—a surmise, however, which by no means lessened her fear, or added to her sense of security.

“Then, Mietje Cortelyou,” rejoined the speaker, “the captain will assist you to mount behind me, and I trust thy father, if thou hast one, will requite the service, by offering shelter and a fire to dry our clothes. How far hence dost live, Mietje?”

It was a good half mile to her father's house, but seeing that the captain was preparing to dismount, and having made up her mind not to put herself in the power of either stranger, she boldly declared, that if she went home it should be on foot; in fact that the house was so near at hand, that were she to scream loudly, she should be heard.

“Well spoken, by Jove! Mietje! But why so scared?” asked his lordship, laughing at her terror. “Do I look such a monster, captain?”

“A sorry plight, indeed,” replied the captain, after a glance at the pitiable condition to which his patron, as well as himself were reduced by the storm. “In faith, your lordship looks as jaded as a dowager at day-break.”

“Verily, a truth, noble captain,” rejoined his lordship, affecting to yawn; “I feel hungry and weary—even as an empty-pursed beau after a night's ill-luck, without a coin to fling at the link-boy. O! for one of those same, sorry, roadside-inns at home, where good entertainment—in black letters under a red cow, is promised both to man and beast.”

The maiden, much pleased that the discourse should take any other turn than in relation to herself, began to feel some interest in the strangers, and was prompted to utter—

“You will find good shelter, sirs, at my father's house, though we hang out no sign.”

So saying, and to avoid further colloquy, she started into the road, amid the pouring rain, glad, nevertheless, to escape from a situation in which she felt ill at ease.

“Nay, if she will not ride,” cried the younger cavalier, “lend her thy mantle, captain.”

The captain, who had found the benefit of a short riding-cloak, which in fair weather was buckled at the saddle, made a wry face on hearing the unwelcome injunction, but gallantry, or maybe, fears of his superior's displeasure, prompted ready compliance. Divesting himself of the garment, he rode up to Mietje, and threw it, as she tripped along, adroitly over her shoulders. Alarmed at the sudden shock, and believing that the act sprang from some sinister purpose, she uttered a loud scream, and casting off the mantle, ran homeward at the top of her speed.

“We part not company so easily,” cried his lordship, laughing, putting his steed at a pace to follow without passing her, “she is the prettiest wench on Long Island.”

As Mietje had the wind in her favor, and was, moreover, urged by fear, her flight was as rapid as her thoughts. In turning a sharp corner, she came in contact with a young man, who narrowly escaped being overturned.

“Mietje! Mietje! how is this?” he exclaimed; but seeing that she was pursued, he sprang forward, and grasped the bridle of his lordship's steed, hanging on till he had arrested his career.

“And now, villain, we are met in good time!” he exclaimed, still holding the bridle.

“What outrage is this, sir?” cried the indignant nobleman, grasping the collar of his assailant.

The voice and action caused the young man to look steadily at the rider. “It is Lord Cornbury!” he uttered, with a start—amazed at recognizing in one whom he had so rudely interfered with, the governor of the colony.

“Yes, sirrah, and you'll find it so to your cost,” cried the captain, who had recovered his soiled mantle, and now approached, menacing the youth with his uplifted riding-whip.

Mietje promptly interfered. First rebuking her acquaintance for his violence toward gentlemen whom she was about leading to her father's house, she next addressed Lord Cornbury, beseeching him that he would forgive the behavior of her friend, who was coming in search of her, and had foolishly mistaken the purpose of his lordship.

The governor softening, declared that for her sake, he would endeavor to forget the insult, adding jocosely, that he was not accustomed to hold council under a pelting rain, and would be glad of the shelter which she promised. In a few minutes the whole party were housed under the roof of Nicholas Cortelyou, the only one who exhibited any trace of discomposure, or ill feeling, being the young man, Edward Hastings, whose lofty spirit, although he was aware of the risk he run in offending so powerful a personage as Lord Cornbury, could not brook the apology which Mietje, sagacious and thoughtful, tendered in his behalf. He was in ill humor, and showed his displeasure by absenting himself.

The character of Lord Cornbury was well known. He was grandson of the celebrated historian and chancellor, Lord Clarendon,—but illustrious descent was his only recommendation to public respect or esteem. A profligate of the deepest dye, he was on the verge of being hunted from England by public opinion, joined to the clamor of hungry creditors, when desertion from the Stuart family (from whom came the honors of his house) to join William, Prince of Orange, interested the latter to grant the renegade an asylum, by appointing him to the governorship of the colony of New York. Since his arrival, Queen Anne had succeeded William of Orange, and his lordship of Cornbury, whether presuming on consanguinity with this Princess (whose mother was a daughter of Chancellor Clarendon) or simply following the propensities of an ill regulated nature, indulged in the same personal extravagance which marked his European career, to which were added, in his capacity of governor, in-

vasions of the property and privileges of the colonists. Regarding his mission as a fortunate opportunity to repair a shattered fortune, he indulged in every species of rapacity and extortion, without suffering other vices to slumber ungratified. To entire absence of religious principle and feeling, he joined a persecuting spirit against every sect but the high church party, and as the latter found but a small minority among the prevalent religious denominations, his oppressions and exactions were widely felt.

Whilst Edward Hastings was ungratefully indulging his pique against Mietje, the latter was using her best exertions to preserve the good temper of the governor, and drive from his memory the untoward rencontre. The absence of Edward from the apartment was construed by the maiden to fear of the consequences of drawing on himself the renewed anger of the nobleman, and therefore excited no surprise. She was pleased to discover that the latter was all smiles and civility, and though she could not but feel his ardent glances, both embarrassing and annoying, yet they created less uneasiness than if her mind had been more at ease, with the respect to the welfare of young Hastings.

Seated near a fire, hastily kindled on the hearth, the blazing faggots dried the saturated garments of the travelers, who deigned to partake the while the proffered hospitalities of their host, ministered by the hands of the comely Mietje.

The influence of the society in which Lord Cornbury was bred, and of which he ought to have been an ornament, shed (when he permitted) a pleasing lustre on his manners. To the old man he was affable and courteous, causing him to doubt whether the governor were indeed such an incarnation of evil as report described. When directing his discourse to Mietje, his style was gallant, but with a due sense of their respective stations, and he endeavored to draw her forth on topics with which she might be supposed to be conversant.

But however deceptive with Mietje and her father, this behavior, it did not impose on the sagacious captain who knew his master well. He remarked the ardent glances of the governor as they followed the graceful movements of the maiden, and experience taught him that the selfish and arrogant nobleman did not play an amiable part before people of inferior degree, unless to cover a design.

A short hour—and the face of nature was changed. The storm had passed away and the bright sun gleamed through the casement. The guests arose, and the horses were brought to the door. After thanking both father and daughter for their attentions, Cornbury, as he quitted the room, threw over the neck of the latter a gold chain, which he requested her to keep in remembrance of the governor's visit. The keen, burning gaze of Cornbury had been too often encountered by Mietje to pass unheeded—she felt alarmed, but prudence forbade her exhibiting fear or displeasure. But his action with regard to the chain, in which her pleasure was not consulted—as though acceptance of the token was treated as a matter of course—was beyond the limits of her forbearance. She was about casting off the unwelcome gift, when her father, who saw the action, without understanding or appreciating her motives, stayed her hand, and with an emphatic

whisper—not to ruin them by her folly—followed his guests to the gate.

"'Tis a pretty country, this, Jackson—mark it well!" exclaimed his lordship, reining up after they had rode a few paces.

The spot deserved the eulogium. Beyond the bay rose the woody hills of Staten Island, backed by deep masses of black cloud—a fragment of the retreating storm. Hitherward, from the deep waters, on which played the dazzling sunbeams, flowed a creek, meandering between a double line of hills, over a rich salt-marsh. At the line where the higher ground united with the marsh, stretched the road on which the travelers now paused. Behind, on the hilly-side, sheltered by an orchard, stood the gable-front of Nicholas Cortelyou's house, a strong stone dwelling, remarkable for its lofty, narrow windows, which appeared constructed on the principle of admitting light, and excluding assailants—by no means an unnecessary precaution in a lonely situation, exposed, moreover, to the attacks of both land-sharks and water-sharks. The high ground, in the rear of the dwelling, disclosed a spring, whose trickling waters, running by the door, passed beneath the causeway, and falling over broken stones into the marsh, added its tiny tribute to the salt-creek. Between the stones grew the crisp water-cress laved by the descending spring. Hither, each morn, came the fair Mietje, rippling the waters with her bare feet, as she gathered a supply for the breakfast-table.

Amos Jackson, whose eye scanned the entire scene, in much less time than we have taken to describe it, could not refuse assent to the truth of Lord Cornbury's remark, yet as they had often—in his opinion—passed much grander scenery without eliciting the admiration of his patron, or causing the latter even to turn in his stirrup, he could not repress the observation that his lordship's taste had undergone a sudden change.

"I tell thee, again, captain," cried his patron, "mark it well. Canst guess the depth of the water?"

Jackson pointed to the mast of a sloop, at anchor in the creek, and hinted that the craft was not launched on the spot where it was now seen.

"You've a quick eye, captain," rejoined Cornbury, as they pushed onward; "now your inference would lead, that if a sloop of that burthen finds a channel, a pinnacle might pull up or down at any time of the tide."

"Where should the pinnacle hove to, my lord," asked Jackson, his eye traversing the space across the marsh between Cortelyou's house and the creek.

"I see, thou hast the wit to jump to conclusions," said the governor, glancing at Amos Jackson; "but come! let us talk of this when at home. 'Tis odd now! but the smile of that wench, I would not exchange for the leer of the highest-rouged Duchess at Kensington."

Fifteen minutes brought them to the green slopes of Brooklyn Heights. At foot, the governor's barge was rocking on the swell—the horses were safely embarked, and the oarsmen drew the craft swiftly through the waters to the landing-place before the fort.

Edward Hastings was a young Englishman of two and twenty, formerly mate of a trading vessel. Business led him to the store of Nicholas Cortelyou, and chance made him acquainted with the fair divinity who dwelt above. Henceforth, New York had charms unfelt before; and when Nicholas proposed selling his

business, Edward became an eager purchaser, paying down a portion of the purchase-money, and covenanting to discharge the remainder at stated periods. He could easily have obtained the whole sum from his connections in England, but preferred becoming the bondsman of the old Dutch factor, for no other reason, we opine, than the opportunity thereby created of visiting Mietje. As he proved a punctual and honorable debtor, he stood well in the estimation of Nicholas, whilst his assiduities and personal recommendations were equally successful with the maiden. He had, it is true, many rivals, but though he did not stand in the condition of a formally accepted suitor, yet his visits were ever welcome. Nicholas, since taking up his quarters at Gowanus, had more time on his hands than was desirable, hence a journey to the old store, where he mingled with former customers, was an agreeable pastime, which tended very much to strengthen the intimacy between Edward and himself.

From the circumstances of the rencontre, Hastings could not believe otherwise than that Mietje was in the act of escaping from some meditated insult of Lord Cornbury, whose character was as widely known as it was execrated. 'T was a weak womanish fear of the consequences, (thought the indignant sailor,) which induced her both to conceal from him the conduct of the governor, and palliate an action which the youth gloried in. In the fervor of youthful chivalry, and generous disregard of consequences, which characterizes the profession he had forsaken, he set at naught his own weakness, and the arbitrary power of the governor. That the profligate Cornbury should be a guest under the roof where dwelt the being whom with reverential passion he worshipped, and for whom alone he lived, roused his jealousy as well as indignation. Though he kept aloof, it was through pride, not fear. Soon as Cornbury and his satellite quitted the house, Edward approached the apartment, with—it must be confessed—the not very amiable intent of asking an explanation, but was startled at beholding Mietje in the act of intently examining the jeweled clasp of a gold chain, which was suspended from her neck.

That she had accepted a present from the libertine, Cornbury—that she wore his gift—was tenfold more bitter even than the humiliation his proud spirit endured in listening to her pleading in his behalf. In what terms should he reproach her? But his heart was too full for reproof—his spirit swelled too high with indignation to descend to the language of reproach or complaint. He rushed from the open doorway. But the flitting shadow and rapid step of the retreating lover recalled Mietje from her attempt at decyphering the motto of the Clarendon's, engraven on the clasp.

Conscious that her possession of the chain would naturally awake the jealousy of Hastings, and believing that his having seen it on her neck was the cause of his retreat, she ran after him, calling on his name. But she was too late—he rushed by Nicholas, heedless of the latter's enquiry why he went home before dinner, and ran hastily along the lane which leads to Brooklyn. For the first time Mietje's voice had lost its charm. He heeded it not.

"Why—how is this, child? What is the meaning of this?" exclaimed Nicholas, astonished at the movements of both the young people.

"'T is all your fault, father—if it had not been for

you, I would have flung it in his face!" replied Mietje, casting off the golden cause of discord, and tossing it into the well. "And so you think we are strong enough to brave this haughty tyrant's anger," rejoined her father, "if you knew as much about him as I have heard, you would deem it the best policy to give him and his the civil word and the civil action and let him go his ways in peace."

"I wonder if Edward will come back, now!" observed Mietje, half in soliloquy.

"No doubt of it," cried Nicholas, "he shot the ducks himself, and he must know they will be ready in half an hour."

If Hastings came back for the reason her father alleged, she felt she would rather that he staid away. However, she made no further remark, but entering the house, leaving Nicholas in the act of looking down the well, with what intent we may guess at, but cannot affirm.

A half hour passed—an hour passed away, and Edward came not. The ducks were eaten in silence; both father and daughter, angry and disconcerted. The former, inasmuch as he missed spending a pleasant afternoon with one with whom he could chat on subjects in which he was more at home, than in the usual topics broached by planters and farmers. The business of the store in New York, and the habits of the customers who frequented it, formed a theme of never failing interest, on which Edward—with complaisance not quite disinterested—was ever ready to gratify the old man. Mietje was annoyed at the occasion which gave offence to Edward; but she was equally angry that he had shown such ill-temper. Her pride was touched. She spent the afternoon in thinking how severely she would rate him, if he did return—believing, in her heart, that ere night-fall he would re-appear. But, alas! in spite of Mietje's fond imaginings he came not—escaping her treasured wrath.

But was he happier thereby? So long as indignation and jealousy lent wings to his thoughts, and speed to his feet, urging his rapid steps homeward, so long (with perhaps a slight misgiving) was conscience untouched. And even after his fiery thoughts cooled, and his pace slackened to a walk, he brought his reasoning powers—in place of exhausted passion—to impose on the inward monitor. He reached home, but he was miserable; he could not but confess that he had been harsh, precipitate, unkind. He had destroyed his happiness for the day, perhaps inflicted as much misery as he himself felt, on one who was deserving the tenderest consideration—and glad should he be to find that the evil extended no further! His only consolation sprung from shaping his course for the morrow, resolving that next morning—at expense of losing another day from business—he would repair to Gowanus and seek an explanation and forgiveness. In this mood he retired to rest, but his sleep was disturbed by visions of ominous import, in which he beheld Mietje exposed to manifold perils, and himself a witness of her distress, yet bereft of power either to aid or save.

Next morning, soon as Hastings had dispatched his business-matters, he started for Gowanus, having learned by experience, how easy as well as foolish it is, to take offence, without proof that offence was intended, and how surely such conduct entails unhappi-

ness. But he would ask pardon for his folly, and make atonement for the past by his future behavior!

At the gate he beheld Nicholas Cortelyou, who appeared surprised to see him, but he was prepared for a lukewarm reception, and construed the old man's emotion to displeasure at yesterday's events. He was about to utter something by way of apology, when Nicholas exclaimed:—

"You here to-day, Edward! Has not Mietje called at the store?"

"No! how?" uttered Hastings in perturbation, "has Mietje gone to New York, so early—and alone?"

"Aye, I see how it is," cried the old man, "young people will be foolish—but she might have told me she was going—I had given her no cause of offence."

Nicholas proceeded to explain, that Mietje left the house as usual, before breakfast, to attend to the duties of the farm, but to his surprise did not return. Calling to mind Edward's freak, and the uneasiness it gave Mietje, (who was disconsolate for the remainder of the day,) he did not doubt but that she had started for the city, under plea of visiting her cousins, but in reality to clear up the mystery of Hastings' precipitate flight. That Edward had not seen her, was doubtless owing to her passing direct to her cousins' for a companion of her own sex, to avoid the impropriety of calling alone at the young man's store.

Nicholas' story caused much uneasiness in the mind of Edward. The impression created by his frightful visions, added to remorse, made him keenly sensitive to aught which concerned the welfare of Mietje, and he could not dispel the idea that evil had befallen her. Seeing her father unconcerned and tranquil, chafed only at what he deemed undutiful behavior in preserving silence with regard to a journey, which he supposed originated in dislike to confess her real object in visiting the city, Edward was loth to impart the alarm which he himself entertained, and, without entering the house, he went homeward, saying he should hasten to the store, that he might not lose the pleasure of her visit, particularly after his foolish action of yesterday.

On the way, and at the ferry, both on the Long Island side and in the city, Hastings made inquiry respecting Mietje. No one had seen her. In the early period we describe, passengers between New York and Brooklyn, a mere hamlet, were few and far between. The inhabitants of the latter were of course personally known at the ferry-house, and Mietje Cortelyou could not have crossed without being recognized. One chance yet remained to cheer the distracted lover. Several of the settlers along Brooklyn Height possessed boats of their own, by which they conveyed themselves and the produce of their farms free from ferryage. Mietje might have passed over by such means. With this hope at heart, Edward flew to her cousins' dwelling, but they could render no account of the missing damsel, and were much alarmed at the inquiry.

Whence this dreadful mystery? asked the conscience-stricken Edward. Was the absence of Mietje attributable to him? How gladly would he have parted with all he possessed, to have restored matters as they were before that lamentable act of folly! Yet, it were useless to spend time in lamentation. Her poor father was as yet ignorant of his

misfortune, and it behoved Edward to use all diligence in making him and the neighborhood aware of it, that immediate search might be instituted.

On arrival at Gowanus, he found the house deserted, save by an aged female slave, who said that Nicholas and his people, assisted by neighbors, were out in the marshes, and on the shore of the bay, searching after Mietje. In reply to the phrenzied questions of Edward, she gave a report—in substance as follows: A neighbor's son, a young lad, who was out before daybreak in the marsh with his cross-bow, saw a strange boat (without sail, pulled by eight or ten oarsmen,) enter the creek. Under cover of the bank and the high grass, the boat was pulled swiftly up the creek, hidden from view of all save the lad, whose curiosity prompted him to remain on the margin of the stream, to discover if the craft—which was full of men—returned. The winding of the creek, and the necessity of crouching amid the grass to prevent him from being seen by the crew, denied our young adventurer the opportunity of tracing the progress of the craft, but, as there was no outlet, he watched patiently for its return. In less than half an hour, the boat glided back with the same celerity that marked its approach. What struck the lad with extreme surprise, was the circumstance that the oars were plied without noise. He heard the rippling, and had barely time to shroud himself in his covert, when the boat hove in view, rounding a headland, and shot rapidly by. He was certain they had on board a "prisoner," to use his own word—he believed a female, as his eye caught part of the dress, which escaped from beneath a boat cloak, and he heard, or fancied he heard, a stifled cry or moan. He was afraid to follow the boat, lest he himself should be discovered, and carried on board, and he went home to recount the strange story. The family, at first, would not credit the marvellous relation, but, when they found he persisted in his tale, the father resolved to make it known, that the foul play, if it should prove of that complexion, might be exposed.

Nicholas heard with alarm the boy's report. The disappearance of Mietje flashed across his mind as a startling coincidence. After a hasty search, a hand-basket, which she gathered when carrying cresses, was found in the marsh. On the margin of the creek was discovered her bonnet, with marks of many footsteps, affording sad evidence to the wretched parent that his daughter had been forcibly carried off. The neighbors dispersed in bands over the marshes, but, as the old crone asked, with what chance of success, if her mistress was borne off to sea?

It was a sad meeting between Edward and the old man, and the former had no words of comfort to assuage the father's grief, nor even a suggestion which might create a gleam of hope. His own testimony, what he had seen and heard in the city, served only to confirm the circumstantial proof of her abduction. The fresh evidence which presently offered, drove the poor father to distraction. A boat, such as the boy described, had been seen passing the Narrows, in the direction of the lower bay and the ocean.

Conjecture was varied, but it was the prevalent impression that the boat's crew belonged to some pirate vessel. Cortelyou was advised to lay his case before the governor, with a request that a force might be

despatched in chase of the buccaneers, who had, at best, but a few hours start. Offer his Excellency money, and he will be glad to comply, was the advice proffered on all sides! The advice was feasible, for, as the governor viewed his trans-Atlantic residence, or banishment, merely as an opportunity, offered a bankrupt spendthrift to squeeze out money, whenever occasion served, he was open to bribery, and often stretched forth the arm of tyranny with the sole intent that injustice or exaction should be bought off by a subsidy. It was fair, therefore, to presume that, when gold was offered to back an act of duty, it would prove irresistible.

The suggestion of Cortelyou's neighbors found favor with the unhappy Edward, who resolved to accompany whatever force was sent in chase of the pirates. On being asked by Nicholas to accompany him to the governor's residence, he made no objection, although conscious, from the rencontre of the previous day, he should prove personally objectionable. But the recovery of Mietje outweighed every other consideration.

The governor's dwelling was a handsome edifice within the walls of the fort, wherein, also, were located the government offices, a chapel, barracks, and other buildings. Cortelyou, Edward, and a neighbor, after but a short delay, very unusual with the generally inaccessible functionary, were admitted to an interview.

Lord Cornbury was alone, seated at a table covered with papers. To the surprise of the petitioners, he appeared embarrassed at their presence, which Edward attributed to recognition of his assailant.

The governor listened attentively to the narrative, making occasional inquiries, and appearing to sympathise with the distressed parent. He was the more concerned, he declared, inasmuch as the abducted maiden was his fair hostess, who had so courteously offered him shelter when beset by the storm. He was bound, he added, by every principle of gallantry, as well as duty, to punish the perpetrators of the crime of which she was the victim. Was it certain, he asked, that the boat which conveyed her away passed the Narrows. Might not the ruffians have pulled up the North river, or made for the Amboy creek? This question was twice asked, and it appeared as though a certain doubt or uneasiness was removed, on the statement being confirmed, that the craft which passed the Narrows was the same which left from the creek.

Cornbury, after musing a few moments, remarked that the buccaneers were probably from some of the West India Islands; that the boat's crew must have run up by way of frolic, or mad daring, but it was, certainly, a most audacious act. There were two armed cutters on the station, which he would immediately order to drop down. If the pirates had not decamped, they would, undoubtedly, be captured. If they had set sail, the cutters should cruise where most likely to fall in with them. If there were any other step he could take to relieve the unhappy father's anxiety, let it be named, and it should be executed.

His behavior, so contrary to the proverbial flippancy and cruelty of Lord Cornbury, made a strong impression on his auditors, who began to entertain an opinion that his reputation had been much maligned. Hastings,

emboldened by his courtesy, ventured to ask permission to sail in one of the cutters.

"I have no objection, sir," replied his lordship, coldly, yet not angrily, as he glanced keenly at the young man.

The party were about to retire, after expressing their thanks to the governor for his humane consideration, when a voice was heard in the corridor, crying—"He is here—he is here! My father!—I saw him from the window!"

Immediately the door was flung open, and Mietje rushed in wildly, followed by Amos Jackson in pursuit.

"Save me! save me, father!" cried the maiden, flinging herself into her parent's arms.

The captain, maddened with rage that his prisoner had escaped, and that his patron's schemes were exposed, rushed forward to drag her away, but was immediately felled by the athletic arm of Hastings. Lord Cornbury, who appeared, for an instant, struck with amazement at the scene, and the daring presumption of Edward, recovering himself, rushed to the assistance of his agent, shaking his fist at, and uttering the most savage threats against the young man. But Hastings, regardless of the consequences, intent only on the safety of Mietje, flinging himself on the governor, pinning his arms, and holding him to the spot, a prisoner, entreated, with breathless anxiety, that Nicholas and his friend would carry off Mietje whilst the passage was free.

The old man, embarrassed, hesitated, whilst Cornbury, by his loud outcries and threats, speedily brought to his rescue the servants, who released their master, and made prisoner the gallant Hastings. A guard arriving, Edward was handcuffed, 'spite of the tears and entreaties of Mietje.

"Twice this low-born churl has dared lay hands on me,—if the land be not cleared of such ruffians, there will be no safety in Her Majesty's colony for unarmed men!" uttered the governor, in a tone which was intended as half-appeal, half-explanation, to the astonished auditors.

"Let Mietje and her father pass free, and I am content you wreak revenge for baffled villainy on me," cried Edward, firmly.

"The law will deal with you, villain, not I," exclaimed Cornbury, with an air of dignity. "For these good people—" pointing, as he spoke, to Mietje, her father, and his friend—"they came in peace, let them depart as they came. Sergeant, remove the prisoner!"

"My lord!" exclaimed Mietje, rushing to the governor, and kneeling at his feet, "hear me—"

"It is I who should speak—not my daughter," cried Nicholas Cortelyou, coming forward. "My means are well known, my lord; and I will be bail for Edward Hastings to the amount of all I am worth."

"Away with him, sergeant!" shouted Cornbury, stamping with his feet, and clenching his fist at the guard, as, turning from the old man, he beheld the weeping Mietje in the arms of her lover. The sergeant was forced to obey, and hurried off his prisoner, tearing him from the embrace of the maiden. Strict command was issued that he should have no communication with his friends unless by special permission.

Nicholas renewed his appeal, offering a large sum in specie as security for the appearance of Edward.

"Take my advice, Mr. Cortelyou," uttered Cornbury, with an attempt to subdue his rage; "go home with your daughter. See, sir, she needs your attention."

As he spoke, he pointed to Mietje, who was supported by Cortelyou's friendly neighbor.

His lordship, after casting round the room a glance, in which mingled haughtiness and embarrassment, was about quitting the chamber, when his departure appeared to arouse Mietje from her deep grief. She ran forward to stay him,—in her agitation placing her hand on his arm. Lord Cornbury paused. The expression of his features underwent a marked change—his eyes beamed with soft passion, as though the pressure of her fingers thrilled his frame.

"Nay, then—if you will—but, come hither," cried the noble, taking her hand, and leading her into the corridor, "there is but one way to save him. Recollect our conversation this morning. You know my mind, and I am firm. To-morrow I will ride slowly past your father's farm; if you value this young scapegrace's life, appear at the gate; if not, I hold you spurn my offer, and—you know his fate! Farewell!"

He quitted her as he spoke. His words were unheard save by the party to whom they were addressed, but she was observed to redden deeply and cast eyes on the floor.

As it was deemed useless by Cortelyou and his friend to attempt further intercession that day in behalf of Hastings, the sorrowful party returned to Gowanus. At home Mietje related, that, whilst on the marsh, she was suddenly seized by armed men, who prevented her cries being heard by throwing over her a cloak, in which state she was borne into the boat. Whilst struggling for air, for she was nearly suffocated, a stern voice, in which she recognized the tones of Amos Jackson, bade her rest quiet; that if she made no outcry, no violence would be offered, nor was intended. After a confinement of fifteen or twenty minutes the boat stopped, and she was carried ashore on the extreme point of Red Hook, at a spot hidden from Gowanus and the neighborhood by a high bank or bluff. The pinnacle immediately shot into the bay toward the Narrows, leaving Mietje on the sands, in charge of Amos Jackson and a confederate. Briefly, he gave her to understand that resistance was useless, but that no harm should befall her provided she made no outcry or disturbance. A short distance from where they landed, a small skiff lay on the beach, fastened to a stake. In this they embarked, and reached safely the green meadows beneath the guns of the fort. They were admitted by the sally-port into the fortress. Mietje was borne to an upper chamber in a handsome edifice, where, after a dismal solitude of an hour or more, she received a visit from Lord Cornbury. He offered no rudeness or violence, but finding that she paid no heed to his cajoleries and protestations, left her with the intimation, that she was under the charge of his friend Amos Jackson, who

might prove a rough goaler; but, if she wished to escape from the captain's surveillance, relief was at any moment at hand, by appealing to his lordship. The window of the chamber overlooked the courtyard of the fort; by which means she became aware that her friends were under the same roof with herself. On ringing a hand bell placed for her use, Amos Jackson answered the summons by unlocking the door, when she immediately darted down stairs, pursued by the captain. The sequel is already known. She refused to reveal what Lord Cornbury said to her in the corridor, and her father did not press her on that subject.

The unhappy Mietje passed a miserable night, reflecting on the imprisonment of Edward and the threats of the governor. She did not put entire faith in Lord Cornbury's menace against the life of her lover, yet the recent history of the colony proved that even life was not sacred against the caprices of arbitrary power.

On the morrow Mietje did not stir from the house. She waited, with intense anxiety, the promised appearance of Lord Cornbury; yet with firm persuasion that Edward's liberty could not be bought dishonorably.

The profligate noble did not fail riding past the dwelling, slackening his pace, and casting a wistful eye at the house. Mietje, screened from view, peered from the window, and trusting to Providence for her lover's welfare and her own, suffered the voluptuary to pass without sign or token. After a short interval he returned, but with no better success.

The maiden's contempt angered the governor excessively. In vain did Nicholas Cortelyou apply for admission to see his friend, the request was denied. The prisoner was lodged in an unwholesome dungeon, deprived of the solace of his friends—even of air and exercise essential to health. His imprisonment was commented on throughout the colony, as one of the many acts of the governor deserving execration. Why is he not brought to trial? was the universal question. Or is it the governor's desire that he should perish in his cell? Months passed away, and the opinion became general, that Edward Hastings could not much longer survive the close imprisonment.

Mietje was inconsolable, and her father was scarcely less affected, believing himself the origin of his friend's calamity.

One morning, at the commencement of winter, in the midst of a severe snow-storm, a knock was heard at the door. Believing it to proceed from a wayfarer, Nicholas hastened to admit the applicant. The door was opened, and a young man, pale, attenuated, and feeble, entered. Nicholas knew him not, but the stranger momentarily grasped his hand, and passed on. A loud scream followed, and Cortelyou, entering his parlor, beheld Mietje insensible, supported in the arms of the stranger. It was Edward Hastings.

The loud and manifold complaints of the colony, at length aroused the attention of Queen Anne. She despatched to New York a more worthy governor, who, on arrival, finding no specific charge against Hastings, ordered his immediate liberation.

SONG OF THE MADMAN.

BY KATE CLEAVELAND.

It was summer ! it was summer !

The green earth was gay ;
The wild buds and blossoms
Sprang up in our way :
And the leaves lay together
Upon their young boughs,
And whispered, like lovers,
When breathing their vows :—
And I whispered with them,
And shouted in glee,
As the breeze fluttered lightly
From blossom to tree ;—
For I rode on its pinions,
And mounted in air,—
My kingdom, fair Freedom—
My bondman, Despair !

What feverish joy then rushed over my soul,
As deeply I drank from a rosy-wreathed bowl ;—
The strength of the whirlwind I held in my hand,
And longed to kneel down on the white, shelly strand,
And hurl back the waves as they leaped to the shore,
Or play with the ocean, and mimic its roar !

I was mad ! I was mad ! but they knew it not then,
For I laughed and discoursed with their wise, prudent men,
And knelt at the feet of the sirens of song,
But I yelled with delight as I stole from the throng,
For I knew I deceived them, with word and with smile—
That they bowed in their pride to insanity's wile !
I was mad ! I was mad ! but my spirit was gay ;
I rode with the wind through the long summer day,
For I followed a demon wherever he led,
And at midnight—at midnight !—we danced with the dead !

Oh ! a host of white things, with their hideous charms,
Come and rock me at eve in their skeleton arms ;
They shriek in my ear—and then laugh at my pain,
While their fierce, scorching eyes burn deep in my brain.

Then we hurry away through the damp, yielding sward
And rouse up the ghosts in the merry churchyard.

Ha, ha, ha ! come along
With the death-dance and song ;—
Thus I sing to my merry, merry crew,
We have brave time o' nights
By the bright charnel-lights,
As we tread down the turf and the dew !

I will show you the spot where a maiden sleeps,
For the long grass is greenest there,
And over her head, a willow, willow weeps,
Like a mourner in deep despair !

Oh ! they laid her low,
With her young bosom's snow,
When the hoar frost was white on the ground,
When the winds, bleak and cold,
And the trees, dark and old,
Were moaning and shrieking around.

But the spring stole along,
And the robin's blithe song
Floated out through the churchyard's gloom,
Then the young violets came
And wove her sweet name,
With their blossoms above her tomb.

They said that she loved—that she perished with grief ;
I know she was mad ! and that death was relief :
We are wedded ! we are wedded ! by our madness allied,
And I pine to fall asleep by my beautiful bride.

Ha, ha, ha ! come along !
With the death-dance and song ;
Thus I sing to my merry, merry crew ;—
We have brave time o' nights,
By the bright charnel lights,
As we tread down the turf and the dew !

LINES WRITTEN AT SUNSET.

BY O. H. MILDEBERGER.

Wet with the tears which evening weeps,
The closing flower conceals her breast ;
Secure the vernal warbler sleeps,
The voice of love and joy suppress.

Ere long shall night assume her sway,
Reposing nature on her arm—

120

Blot the last purple flush of day—
Dissolve the twilight's lingering charm.

And thus the transient joys of life,
Fade on attention's sober eye,
'Till vexed no more with varying strife,
Man learns to slumber or to die.

LE SAULT.

A LEGEND OF THE WALHONDING.

BY HENRY D. COOKE.

"Now the day
Of sacrifice approach'd—
But from that horrid scene
The Maiden stole.
It was an awful height
For dizzy fear to contemplate;
From the frightful cliffs—
She vanished!"—TRAITS OF THE ABORIGINES.

To those acquainted with the principles of Indian nomenclature, the fact of the appellations of almost every thing, by which they are surrounded, owing their origin to tradition or some other local circumstance, is perfectly familiar. Those traditions, however, are known to but few, and with these few they perish. It is for the purpose of illustrating the aboriginal name of one of the principal streams in the eastern section of Ohio, that this veritable legend is written.

The policy of the French government and its agents, during their occupancy of the country round the Lakes, and on the St. Lawrence, was so conciliatory and pacific, that the transfer of their rights to his Majesty of Great Britain, was viewed by the various tribes of Indians inhabiting it, not only with surprise, but with feelings rather inimical towards their new rulers and neighbors. The conduct of the British traders and settlers, already established on the shores of the "Salt Lake," was not most calculated to win the esteem or friendship of those native tenants of the forest, whom they had dispossessed; and the cupidity and injustice of the whites, often aroused in the savages those feelings of anger and revenge, which were seized upon, with singular tact and judgment, by more than one master spirit of the children of the wilderness. At the head of these, not only in rank, but in talent and sagacity, was Pontiac, a bold and fearless Ottawa chief. By his spirited and restless exertions, his fascinating and commanding eloquence, an extensive and terrible confederacy was formed among the Indians, without regard to nation, which, at his signal, was to burst upon the "pale faced" intruders, and sweep them, with remorseless vengeance, from every hold west of the Alleghanies.

Of the number who became participants in this daring and patriotic scheme, was the remnant of the Lenni Lenapi, or Delawares; a tribe formerly fierce and powerful, and, though now diminished in numbers, of fearless and undaunted courage. They had chosen anew their hunting-grounds, on the borders of the Muskingum, or Deer's-eye, and its tributaries, and were dwelling in peace and apparent security, when Pontiac came among them. Their feelings were

yet aggravated by the recollection of injuries received from the whites, and it wanted but little of the spirit of this noble chief, to convince them that the scenes they had once witnessed were about to be renewed,—to rouse their passion to the highest pitch of revengeful desire. They eagerly joined the league; and they gave fearful testimony of the faith with which they kept their pledge.

The winter of 1762 passed away, without even the ordinary indication of approaching danger from the aborigines, and the inhabitants of the frontier settlements were lulled into a fearful security, when the spring of the succeeding year ushered in horror and dismay. So secretly were the plans of Pontiac laid, that the first intimation of his confederacy and its designs, were given to the astonished whites by the capture and massacre of several of their posts, and the investment of Detroit.

The operations of the Delawares were assigned by Pontiac to another and distant part in the great enterprise,—that of harassing the march of reinforcements to the British from the western section of the colony of the "Long Knives." In the execution of this scheme, the distresses endured by the settlers on the verge of civilization, were horrid in the extreme. The attacks of the Indians were generally made in the night, and with cunning and caution so truly savage, that none escaped death or captivity.

Among those who had fallen a prey to one of the war-parties, then on its retreat, was a young female, in age, not far from twenty years, and of uncommon beauty of face and form. She alone, of a large domestic circle, had escaped the summary vengeance of the Delawares, yet she remained a captive orphan among the murderers of her relatives and friends. It is needless to enter into a minute and detailed account of the miseries of the captives during a tedious and wearisome retreat. As the captors approached their village with their prisoners, the war-cry of victory rung shrill and loud through the deep forests—and in an instant it was answered by the friends who rushed forward to meet them, with gesticulations of wild and frantic exultation. But these feelings gradually subsided, as the female members of the tribe sought for,

and found not, fathers, brothers, and lovers, whose forms were mouldering far beyond the encampment they were wont to cheer and protect. Burning with revenge, they sought the band of shuddering captives; and many a wretch, bound and defenceless, felt, in their assaults, a foretaste of the tortures which their persecutors would not fail to inflict. The authority of the old men and sachems, however, succeeded in saving the prisoners from further injury, and they were conducted to a place of temporary security until the council had decided upon their fate.

The young female, having swooned from alarm and exhaustion, was carried, senseless, into the wigwam of the chief's mother, and watchfully guarded from all communication with any member of the captured party.

What were the thoughts of our heroine, when she awoke to a sense of her painful and hopeless situation, we can hardly venture to describe. In an agony of feeling, she knelt upon the ground, and, in silence, with uplifted hands, and tearless tremblings, implored that mercy of her God which she dared not expect from man. No word faltered from her tongue, and her face was as marble, in paleness, while her eyes were turned towards heaven, yet there was that in her manner which forced her guard to respect her sorrows and religion. She rose from her suppliant posture, and felt within her that Peace which He has promised those who call upon him.

A brilliant September morning dawned upon the sleepless lids of the captives. So far from allaying the rage of the Indians, the few hours of the past night but whetted more keenly their thirst for vengeance on their white prisoners.

Had not the minds of the unfortunate captives been so entirely engrossed by the dangers surrounding them, they would have found, in the scenery around and where the encampment stood, nature and her beauties, sufficient to have elicited their warmest admiration. In the choice of a residence, the aborigines have ever shown themselves actuated by no mere motives of security and support. The spot occupied by this branch of the tribe, was on the northern or right bank of the river, whose traditional history we are recording, about seven miles from its mouth, and on a level and fertile prairie, which extended as far as the eye could reach. Behind, and to the east and west, towered tall and graceful sycamores, between whose heads curled the blue smoke of the wigwams beneath; in front rolled the rapid and clear river,—emerging from the forests beyond, and impetuously hurrying onward, till lost in its serpentine meanderings, it disappeared from view. Glancing here and there on its chrystal bosom, now hid in the morning mist, and now unshrouded, rode the light and graceful canoes of the savages,—busily engaged in seeking in its waters the luxuries of their early repast. Beyond this, and on the opposite bank, rose, in frowning solitude, a tall and perpendicular rock, whose lamellated structure was washed by the foaming current of the confined and impetuous stream, and whose summit was covered with the thick and luxuriant growth of a western soil. Its elevation was so considerable, and the prospect from its insulated terrace so extensive, that, on the front side, it was secure from attack; while near the river, its only accessible approach was by a narrow and precipitous path, that wound from its eastern and

southern base, and capable of an easy and firm defence, not only from the nature of the ground itself, but from the difficulty of crossing a deep and impetuous rush of waters. The appearance of the place has so much changed, during the last eighty years, that it would, perhaps, scarcely be recognized by the description which we have given.

But, to return to our legend. The sun had scarcely risen above the dark wood in the rear of the lodges, when the council of old men, and those whose deeds gave them a just claim to the honor, assembled in front of the rude shelter in which the young female was confined, and a signal was given by an aged sachem that the prisoners should be brought forth. Slowly and unshackled, the unfortunate rangers appeared, and saw, with the instinct that a frontier residence had given them, the post before them, and a long, curving avenue of savages, of both sexes and all ages, anxiously awaiting the moment they should start for the goal. Casting a look of defiance upon their enemies, the prisoners started on their dreadful race. All but one poor youth, who sank from terror and weakness, reached the post, bleeding, but as yet secure. Of their individual fate, after this fearful trial, it is not our purpose, particularly, to speak. Some were adopted into the tribe to replace a lost warrior or hunter, but by far the greater part expired, in fearful agonies, at the stake. That Being, whose mercy the orphan girl had implored, in the hour of her distress, and who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," had listened to the cry of innocence, and she was spared the fate so many of her friends were doomed to endure. A young Indian female, the daughter of the chief to whose charge she had been entrusted, rushed into the council, and throwing her arms round the object of their deliberations, claimed her as her sister, to fill the place of one who had died during the excursion of her friends. With much opposition, her claims were recognized, and the trembling captive led away by her gratified and joyful preserver.

The untiring attentions of her protectress, whose naïve affection would have done honor to civilization, were exerted to wean her from her sorrow. To the blandishments of one as young and artless as herself, it was impossible for her nature to be insensible; and, though a secret and burning desire of revisiting the friends of her infancy, still clung round her heart, yet she had prudence enough to veil this, and appear satisfied, and even pleased with her condition.

A dreary winter had passed, and spring was once more spreading her garniture over creation. The Delawares were convinced that their adopted members were reconciled to their situation, and prepared for another attack upon the settlements of the frontiers, keeping a vigilant eye upon the movements of the whites. From the moment of their adoption, the "Long Knives" had been concerting a well-laid plan of effecting their escape; and to avoid the too certain consequences that would ensue, should only a portion succeed, to those who remained, it was determined that all should make the attempt. As soon as the war-party had taken their departure, they proceeded at once to put their schemes into execution, and seized the occasion of a general hunt by the great part of the tribe, as the most opportune period for a successful trial. They who remained in the camp, were to join

those of the hunting party, in a given time, at a place remote from the usual trail, to avoid meeting the return of the warriors, or any straggling bands.

But their operations, though conducted with great caution, were not so secretly managed as to escape the watchful eye of the young Indian girl; and she was not at a loss in arriving at the object of their frequent and stolen meetings. But she concealed her thoughts from the rest of the tribe, while she labored with the most assiduous kindness, and by her winning manners, to blind the eyes of the young maiden to the fact of having penetrated their hazardous enterprise, and to induce her, by unceasing attentions, to remain and comfort the sister who had rescued her from the most cruel death.

The affectionate gratitude of the captive had won upon the heart of the artless savage; and so vigilant and fearful of separation had her discovery made her, that it was impossible for her adopted sister to shun her sight, or to ramble without her society. This was an unexpected impediment; but as such an opportunity would not soon recur, were the present one lost, it was resolved, since it was impossible to escape otherwise, to make her a party, though an unwilling one, to their schemes. To this arrangement the maiden acceded more readily, as continued and reciprocal kindnesses had endeared the females to each other.

We pass over the minutæ of the attempt; be it enough to say, they effected their escape unperceived, but had the mortification of finding their friends absent from the appointed place of rendezvous. This occurrence subjected them to the necessity of a halt, incompatible with their safety, in so urgent a case, and the fears they entertained were but too surely and painfully realized. The second night after their arrival at this spot, they were suddenly surprised by their enemies, and surrounded by such numbers, that resistance was hopeless. Yet the struggle which ensued was so fierce and determined, that but three of the prisoners,—of whom the maiden was one,—survived. These were conducted back to the camp, amid such demon-

strations of savage triumph, as left no doubt as to the fate to which they would be condemned.

The morning sun fixed their doom, and on the precipice facing the encampment, which we have already described, they were to meet their horrid fate. The pinioned forms of the wretched prisoners were hurried, amidst shouts of derision, from the canoes, up the path which led to the summit of the rock. Here three deep and narrow holes in the earth, and heaps of brush-wood and faggots, which had been collected there to the depth of several feet, met the eyes of the whites. Aghast and dismayed, the men sunk to the earth, unable to contemplate these dreadful preparations for their sacrifice; but the unfortunate girl stood calm and motionless, though an ashy paleness spread itself over her countenance, and drove the crimson of youth from her cheek. She stood with her hands clasped, and her eyes raised towards heaven, in silent supplication and prayer, within a few feet of the edge of the precipice, and on the very verge of the pit destined to receive her. But she saw not, nor heeded, the eager haste with which the savages consigned the bodies of her friends to their horrid tombs, hiding all in earth save their heads, around which the faggots were piled in small and scattered quantities, so that the victims, in addition to their own sufferings, might witness the last agonies of their friends. The despairing cry of the sufferers, rising loud and clear above the surrounding tumult, when the blazing brand was applied to the piles around them, roused the poor girl to a sense of her situation. With sudden and superhuman energy, she burst from the multitude, and sprang to the edge of the rock. A leap,—a fluttering in the air,—a sullen and heavy plash,—and the waters of the river, closing above her head, hid from the sight of her disappointed and astonished persecutors, the form of the hapless maiden!

Thus ends the legend. If we have failed in doing justice to the subject, we have, at least, been faithful to the traditional history of the WALHONDING OR WHITE WOMAN RIVER.

SONNET FROM PETRARCH.

BY MARY G. WELLS.

"Apollo, s'ancor vive il bel desio."

If thou, Apollo, still dost sadly pine
Of love that filled thee at Thessalia's stream,
If yet those golden tresses are not thine;—
Passing by years forgotten as a dream,
'Mid chilling sloth, and ignorance most profound,
Which, while thy face was hidden still endured,
With safety now the sacred tree surround,

By which thou first, I afterwards, was lured,
And by that hope, so cherished and so dear,
That bore thee up, and made thy cares seem light,
Chase dark impressions from the atmosphere—
And so may both behold a wond'rous sight,
Our lady sitting down, in all her charms,
Shading herself with her own taper arms!

DONA INEZETTA; OR, THE DUKE'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF SPAIN.

BY PROFESSOR J. H. INGRAHAM.

"I ask not for honor, I ask not for fame,
I ask but a true heart that knoweth love's flame."

THERE dwelt, in an old-fashioned castle, not many leagues from Madrid, a certain nobleman of Spain, called Don Diego, Duke of Arvalez. Don Diego was descended from the oldest families of the realm, his ancestors having been *hidalgos* since the departure of the Moors under Boabdil. It was, moreover, a warlike race, this of the Arvalez, and Don Diego himself had won a distinguished name as a soldier. But the wars ended, and Spain, being at peace, the Duke returned to his castle to solace himself in the society of his daughter, the Dona Inezetta.

This maiden was his only child; and, as her mother having died when the lovely Inezetta was very young, the bereaved widower turned the channel of his affections into the bosom of his daughter. At the age of seventeen, Dona Inezetta was, without exception, the loveliest maiden in all Spain. The Duke had lavished upon her every advantage, and, in person, superintended an education that was not excelled by that of the king's daughters. She had the first masters in the kingdom, in music, painting, riding, waltzing, in foreign languages, and all arts and sciences then taught to high-born ladies. She grew up in great seclusion, nevertheless, her father suffering her neither to go abroad nor to visit Madrid. The fame of her beauty and accomplishments at length reached the court, and one morning as the Duke was about to ride forth with his daughter, and a train of attendants, to hunt, a courier arrived in sight, when, seeing the party, he stopped, and sounding his horn thrice three times, again spurred down the slope towards the gate.

"Three times three!" cried the Duke, as he threw his heavy body, for he was the fattest Duke in Spain, across his saddle. "That is a king's courier, by Santiago! Hold rein, Lopez! let us await his coming!"

The courier, who was habited in a green jacket under a scarlet short cloak, and wore upon his head a crimson cap, now riding up, alighted within a few feet of the Duke, and casting his rein to a page, approached the Duke, and taking from his pocket a billet, handed it to him with a low bow.

"From the king!" said the Duke, as he glanced at the seal. "Hath war broke forth again, sir courier, that the king hath sent for me?"

"All is at peace, in Madrid, my lord Duke."

"Let us see, then, what this purports," said the old noble, breaking the seal, and fixing his eyes upon the contents. "Eh! By the mass! This is for thee, girl," he added, smiling, and turning to Dona Inezetta,

who, in all the pride of her beauty, was seated upon her palfrey near him: beauty which was so remarkable, that the youthful courier could scarcely keep his eyes from her.

"For me, mon padre!" she exclaimed, with delight. "Oh, how rejoiced I am, at last to get a letter from somebody! It is the first I ever had in my life!"

"I should hope it was, girl; letters are dangerous things—very dangerous things for maidens to have to do with. I should hope you had never seen a letter in your life. But I dare say you'd had many a one, if I had not kept such watch and ward against the gallants. And now you see what comes of keeping you away from the world's eyes! Here is a letter in especial from the king to me, and I dare say this other one within it is from the Queen, addressed to thee!"

"Pray, then, father, let me read it."

"Nay, hear the king's first. I will read it. Ye villains round, doff hats while the king's letter is read out!"

The retainers respectfully lifted their hats and bonnets, and the Duke began, Dona Inezetta, leaning forward in her saddle, peeping over his shoulder:—

"To ~~our~~ Beloved Cousin, Diego of Alvarez—GREETING:

"Whereas, it having come to our ears that you have a fair daughter, of rare beauty, and wonderful accomplishments, shut up from the world's eyes, like a precious jewel in a casket, we do, herewith, signify our royal pleasure that you present her before us within ten days, that we may, with our own eyes, judge if rumor hath spoken truth touching her charms and graces.

"Your loving cousin,

"FERDINAND, THE KING."

Ere the Duke had finished aloud the letter, the quicker glances of the maiden had run over the lines, and taken in their sense. Glowing blushes of pride and pleasure mantled her cheeks at this good news, for she had long been sighing to visit the capital, of which she had heard and read such delightful accounts.

"Fore God, daughter," said the Duke, as he finished the letter, "this is an honor done both me and thee. The king must be obeyed. We must, next Wednesday, start for Madrid."

"Oh, I do thank the good king, father!"

"I dare say. Never a maiden yet reached sixteen—"

"I am full seventeen, dear father."

"Well, seventeen. Never maiden reached seven-

teen, who wished not, prayed not, that she might see Madrid. Well, the king must be obeyed. I must go to court, and, I dare swear, the king means to look you out a husband. You shall wed none less than the Infanta, Don Carlos, who is now two and twenty, and the handsomest man in Spain, as well as the bravest prince in Europe."

Dona Inezetta blushed, and then a shade of anxiety passed across her beautiful face. Some thought, it would seem, had suddenly risen to her mind with her father's words, and troubled her.

"Pray, father, let me see the letter which is inscribed to me."

"It bears the queen's seal, and, from the delicate writing upon it, must have been written with her own hand, for she is as fair a penwoman as any clerk of Cordova. What says our royal mistress?"

"I will read it, father. It begins:—

"Sweet daughter and gentle friend!—"

"That is like the good queen. She is a mother to all the maidens in her realm," said the Duke, with emotion. "Read."

"I have heard of your beauty of person and charms of mind, and have resolved that the Duke, your father, is doing all Spain injustice, in converting, as it were, Alvarez castle into a nunnery, and himself into an abbot."

"I' faith, the queen is merry," said the Duke. "But, go on."

"I, therefore, join the king in the request that you speedily leave your retirement, and honor our court with your presence. There is the greatest curiosity to see you, among the cavaliers, and also, with the ladies, who, having heard that you will eclipse them all, desire to have it tested by your appearing. Please, therefore, sweet daughter, come to Madrid, that we may behold you and love you. It shall be our pleasure, also, to find you a husband worthy your rank and beauty."

"ISABELLA, REINA."

"This is great honor to us, daughter," said the Duke. "I heartily thank the good king and queen; but, I' faith, it makes me sad to think of giving you up to a husband. But, much as I love you, I will not let my weak fondness step between you and your happiness; all maids will marry."

"Nay, father," said Dona Inezetta, whose cheeks had lost color since she had done reading the queen's letter, "I do not wish to marry. If going to the court cannot be without a husband given me by the queen, I never wish to behold Madrid."

"Thou art a good girl, to love thy father better than lover or husband."

"Nay, I—but—" here the maiden stopped, confused, and looked as if she did not deserve altogether the praise conveyed in her father's words.

"But you are a good girl. I will not, however, stand in the way of a proper husband. But he must be worthy of you. He must be of equal rank and wealth, and honorable in name and descent. By the mass! I cannot think of one man in all Spain, under Don Carlos, that I would wed you to."

"Do not speak of this, dear father," she said, sadly. "If you please, I would rather not ride forth this morning. I am not well, and will retire awhile to my chamber."

"If we are to go to Madrid so soon, we shall have little time for sports. We have much preparation to make. So we will have the hunt stayed. Lopez, put up the horses and hounds, and you, Juan, take care of the king's courier, and see that he and his horse lack nothing. Sir courier, by and by, when you are ready to depart, come to me, and I will give you a billet for the king's majesty. How odd," added the Duke, as he returned slowly and thoughtfully into his hall, "how odd that such news as this from court should have produced such an effect upon the child. Other maids would have gone mad outright with joy, while Inez looks sad, and seemed ready to weep. It is, I dare say, because she fears that we may be separated. She looks upon a husband (for it was this word in the queen's letter that paled her cheek most,) as a sort of monster, who is to tear her away from my bosom, where she has nestled since she was an infant. Well, poor child, she shall not be led to do any thing she don't wish to do. If she loves me, I will stand by her. But, surely, these letters are a great honor, and a father ought to be proud that his daughter's fame hath reached so far. But who of the court hath seen her? Faith, I know not; she hath never seen a gallant in gold and scarlet that I know of. I have kept them aloof from my gates as I would a wolf. Perhaps the rumor of her beauty had gone from her attendants, and so from lip to ear, till it hath reached the king's. Ho, varlets, bestir you here! Know you not your master is going, forthwith, to court? I must have new finery, and my room well furnished, or 'fore God! these gay popinjays that flutter about the court will laugh at me, and ask me what was it o'clock a century ago, when I buckled on my belt."

When Dona Inezetta regained her chamber, she seated herself by her casement, with the queen's letter in her hand, and a second time perused it. When she had ended it, she sighed heavily, and her virgin bosom heaved with inward emotion. With her snowy hand she pressed her brow, and put the raven tresses backward from her brow and temples, so that they fell upon her shoulders in a dark cloud. Her glorious Castilian eyes were brilliant with tears floating in them.

"Three months ago what joy this letter would have given me," she at length said, sadly. "But now it comes to me laden with a thousand painful fears. I have, indeed, wished to go to court. I have panted for these scenes of life in Madrid; and now, that I am about to have my wishes realized, I am unhappy. Oh, my heart, my poor heart! how it flutters and trembles, lest the queen should bid it give its love to some one at her court. Oh, rather than be thus given to a husband, would I this night fly—fly even from my father, and hide in some distant retreat. My heart is already given. My affections already cling to the only support about which they can ever twine. How, oh, how shall I escape this mandate of the queen. It must be obeyed. I must go to her court and be presented to the world. Little do I care for that world so long as Don Feliz is not there. He is my world; I know no other than his noble heart. Fear not, Feliz, I will be true to thee, though cavaliers without number kneel at my feet; though Don Carlos, the king's son, should sue for my hand. Hum—

ble, poor, unknown, as you are, you are dearer to me than the homage of all the princes of Europe."

This was spoken with that noble and sweet dignity which true love inspires. And truly and faithfully did the maiden love, though her affections were set upon a youth humble and unknown. She had first met him three months before the opening of this story. One evening, just as the sun had descended behind the snow-capped ridge of the Sierras, and while twilight was yet shedding its golden radiance upon the landscape, Dona Inezetta, after a hawking excursion, which had led her a league up the valley, was riding slowly homeward. She was near the castle gate, when her father, who had been riding behind her, talking with his falconer, reined up to speak to two of his tenants, who, cap in hand, came toward him. She was attended only by a page, a youth of fifteen, who carried upon his wrist her ger-falcon, and rode a little way in the rear. Dona Inezetta was in all the splendor of her beauty. The hunting jacket and flowing skirt she wore, displayed her superb figure to the highest advantage; while the green hat, curved back above the brow, like a shell, and shaded by a white plume, which, mingled with her dark ringlets, increased the effect of her charming countenance. Her oriental eyes were sparkling, and her cheek flushed with success in the chase and the exhilaration of her ride. She was mounted upon a white palfrey, limbed like an antelope, and who, with tossing mane and champing bit, stepped as fealty and proudly over the road as if he were fully conscious of the lovely burden he bore.

Not far from the castle was a clump of orange trees, under which was a fountain, and around which seats were placed for the repose of the passing foot-traveler. As the maiden drew near she saw a young man seated by the fountain. His dress was plain and neat, but travel-worn. He had his cap off, and was bathing his brow in the cool water of the fountain. Hearing the foot-fall of the palfrey, he looked up, and coloring, replaced his cap, but not before the maiden had discovered that he was a young man of about twenty-one or two, with a face of singular beauty and modesty of expression. As she came nigher, he took up his little bundle and staff which lay by him, and advancing towards her with a respectful and deferential air, said, lifting his bonnet:—

"Lady, may it please thee to permit me to lodge in the castle to-night. It is late, and I am told that there are robbers on the road."

"Robbers," repeated the page, pertly, and with a sneering laugh; "I wonder what robber would take the pains to stop thee, with thy beggar's wallet."

"Hist, Pannelo," answered Dona Inezetta. "Have none of thy sauciness. The young man shall lodge within the castle for this thy impertinence, and shall sup with thee at thy own table."

"If he does, I'll put henbane into his wine-cup," returned the page, in a tone that his mistress overheard, but, without heeding him, she turned to the young wayfarer, and said—

"Sir traveler, you shall remain; go forward into the gate."

"Thanks, noble lady. Although I have not much gold to be robbed of, I have a life, which I care not to give up to the hands of banditti. They take men's lives first, and then search them for money afterwards.

I could tell you, noble Senora, many a tale of these bandits, and especially one of a cavalier and a maiden, who were taken captives by them, and how they escaped, and what amazing adventures they passed through ere they reached their own city."

"He is a troubadour," said the page. "But where is thy guitar, fellow?"

"There are guitars in every castle, sir page."

"True, and it would seem castles for every wandering rogue."

"Pannelo, go to your apartment, and let me see you no more to night," said the maiden, with displeasure. "Sir troubadour, I will hear your tale of this maiden and her lover by and by. Be ready when I shall send for you."

"I will wait your commands, noble and beautiful lady," answered the young traveler, gazing upon her with looks of the profoundest admiration and respect.

That evening the humble guest recited before the maiden a tale of love and chivalry, the hero and heroine of which were a cavalier and lady of Seville. The Duke was a listener, and so heartily approved of the story, that he gave the youth a golden sequin, and ordered him a cup of his best wine, and then bade him think of other romances for the entertainment of himself and his daughter; for the youth was of such humble exterior and low degree, that Don Diego thought no more of danger to his daughter's heart from him than from his daughter's page, or his own serving man, who were ever in and out of her presence. But love knows neither degree nor estate of rank. Nay, he delights in showing his power over such distinctions, and to manifest his sovereignty over the heart. As Dona Inezetta listened to the rich voice and gentle words of the reciter, and marked the depth of expression in his fine eyes, which seemed afraid of her glance, as they ever drooped modestly before it, while his cheek reddened, a sentiment of tender interest in him pervaded her soul. She listened with eager attention, and when he discoursed of the love the knight had for the maiden, and how she loved him in return, and told of the deeds he achieved in her behalf, her cheek glowed and her heart throbbed violently. Insensibly the young troubadour, through the medium of his romaunt, stole into her heart, though she knew it not.

"Come, sir troubadour," said the Duke, "we will now hear thee sing. Dona Inez, let him have thy guitar!"

"What shall I sing?" asked the youth, fixing his deeply impassioned, yet well covered gaze upon the face of the maiden.

"Sing what thou wilt, sir stranger," answered the maiden, casting down her eyes; "for I know thou canst sing nothing that will not be well worth the listening!"

"Thanks, noble lady, for this praise! I will sing thee a French ballad I learned in Gascony!"

"My father knows no French. Sing a Spanish one!"

"Nay, daughter, let him on with his French, as thou understandest it! I have heard French ballads afore, and though I got not much wit out o' the words, there was a right pleasant jingling of music. I liked it much. Let him sing his French ballad, and after that you can translate it to me!"

The troubadour then taking up the guitar, began a song which he called, "The Knight of France and the Maiden of Castille." It recounted how a young knight having heard of the beauty of a maiden whom no one was permitted to see, disguised himself as a forester or hunter, and placing himself in her way, when at times she went forth to hunt with her father, joined the party, and so aided in saving the maiden from the attack of a band of robbers who would have carried her off. But the disguised knight slew the chief, and bore her unharmed to the castle. There he was graciously entertained with the retainers for many days, and his degree not being suspected he had opportunities for winning her heart, which was his object, especially as he found her beauty, great as it was, surpassed by the charms of her mind. At length he won her heart, and by and by took his leave of her, saying he would soon see her again. The maiden wept his departure, and kept the secret of her love from her father, who she knew would not rest if he discovered it, until he had slain her lover. At length there was a tournament given and the baron and his daughter were present, by command of the emperor. One knight in green armour, with his visor down, carried off the palm in every achievement of the day. At length the emperor told him that such valor as he had shown, was ill rewarded by crowns and wreaths and gold rings, and he would, therefore, bestow upon him the hand of the fairest maiden in the land under the daughters of the throne. The knight then riding round the lists alighted from his horse, and kneeling before the maiden whose heart he had won, and who loved him, said in a low voice:—

"Here, then, on, emperor, do I take my reward."

The maiden trembled, for she had no heart for any one but her young forester. Her surprise, therefore, was only equalled by her joy, when the knight, lifting his visor, displayed the face that was enshrined upon her heart.

Such was the subject of the ballad which the young troubadour sang with much expression, feeling, and romantic sentiment. His voice was melody itself, as its cadences were enriched by the thrilling emotions of love for Dona Inezetta, she could not but listen with the most lively feelings.

"It is a rare tune, daughter, a right merry and sad tune," said the Duke. "Now for the Spanish of it!"

"I will tell thee some other day, father! It is late!"

"Marry so it is! Come, sir troubadour, hie thee to thy bed! Sleep sound and breakfast roundly; for by the rood, I would have of thee another ballad and a romaunt or two ere thou depart!"

Three weeks the young stranger lingered in the castle, entertaining them each evening with his tales and ballads, and making himself, by day, so useful to the Duke by his various talents, that the latter could not well let him go. There was nothing about horses or hounds, or hawking, fishing or knightly feast of arms that the young troubadour was not skilled in. The Duke swore, seven times a day, he had never met such a clever rogue as that story-telling ballad singer. He offered him the place of his chief falconer, but the young man gratefully refused it, saying that his time was limited and that he must be on his way; yet he lingered, day by day, so long that

it was nearly a month ere he took his leave; and when he did go he bore away the heart of Dona Inez, which he had come, like the Gascon Knight in the ballad, to try and win. He had been gone some weeks, when the command came from the king for the Duke to bring his daughter to court.

The reception of the lovely maiden at the brilliant Spanish court, was such as might have been anticipated. She burst upon them like a newly arisen star. There was a constellation of beauty at the palace; but Dona Inez shone among them like the evening planet. Her beauty, as she moved through the hall of festivity, called forth the admiration and homage of the cavaliers, and the astonishment and envy of the ladies. The reigning beauties were neglected, that men might worship at the new shrine. Yet all this made no impression upon her. Her heart was not in it. Her thoughts were with the troubadour!

The residence of the Duke and his daughter was at the palace. The queen, charmed as much with the graces of her mind as by her matchless loveliness, took her under her patronage, and this, in connection with her rank and wealth, made her the most distinguished person at court. But all this homage was received by her with indifference. Men wondered at her coolness and imperturbability. She seemed to move among them as if she had been accustomed always to a world's admiring eye and worshipping knee.

She had been three weeks at court, when one evening as she was standing upon the balcony, which looked towards the mountains, at the foot of which her castle stood, and was thinking upon home, and of him whom there she had first met and last parted with, a foot-fall arrested her ear:—She looked and beheld, within a step of her, the young troubadour! He was habited just as she had first seen him, and in his hand carried his bundle and staff. She would have yielded to the impulse of her loving and true heart, and rushed into his arms! But he knelt before her, and looked so sadly upon her, that she drew back her face suddenly, reflecting the sorrow of his.

"Lady, pardon my presence here! I have heard of your fame at court, and that the best knights in Spain do homage to you. Among them you will find a lover worthy of you. I have come, therefore, to restore you your troth generously plighted to me! You shall not be bound to one so humble as I am, when nobles are rivals for your hand! Farewell! You are free! I shall ever carry with me, where-soever I wander, the sweet recollection of the hours we have loved together, and my heart will be always grateful for your condescension to a poor and nameless stranger!"

As he spoke he rose up, and looked as if he would retire.

"Stay, Feliz, stay!" she cried, with emotion. "This language of yours makes me wild! Am I to believe that you then cast my heart away, as worthless! that you can forget me thus lightly! that you can coolly surrender me to others! am I not loved then? Have I not been loved? Have I been deceived? Cruel, cruel, Feliz!"

The young troubadour cast himself at her feet! His face expressed the most joyful surprise—the most animated delight.

"No, Inez, no!" he cried, taking her hand; "you

have not been deceived, nor have I! I did but fear that you would forget me in the splendor and temptations of a court! I see that I have wronged you. Forgive me! I will no more doubt! But I can hardly realize that you are willing to forget all else for one like me!"

"One like you, Feliz!" she cried, with warmth. "You are Feliz and I ask no more. I love you for yourself, not for rank, or title, or name! I know that you are worthy of me, or I never should have loved you! The instincts of my heart are the securities for your honor. Humble though your birth is, I will share with you your lot. I would rather be a wandering troubadour with thee, Feliz, than sit upon the throne of Spain with another!"

"Sweet, truthful Inez!" he cried, clasping her to his heart. "But, alas! How can we ever be happy. The Duke will never consent to our union!"

"I will fly with you! He will forgive you afterwards, when he knows how much I love you and how noble you are. He loves you now, as the troubadour! Nay, I will first seek him and tell him all! He may consent!"

"I fear not. But wait until to-morrow evening at this hour. I will see him, in the interval, and try and prevail upon him. If he consent not we fly together!"

The next evening at sunset Dona Inez was about going to the balcony to meet Feliz, resolved to fly with him, ere she should be forced to marry any one of the nobles of the court, when the Duke entered.

"Ah, girl, you look confused," he said smiling; "I have news for you. You remember the troubadour, Feliz?"

Startled, she could scarcely falter forth a trembling.

"Si, senor!"

"Don't tremble. I know all. You love each other. He has been to me and told me all about it! What a pair of rogues you have been! Secret as moles, and right under my eye billing and cooing! Well I don't blame you for loving him. He is a noble fellow, and I dare say will make you a good husband. Here he comes, already, and the priest and two other persons as witnesses. I will have you married on the spot, lest you wot trust me, you baggage and run away with him! Come, padre, lead on to the chapel!"

Who shall describe the joy, surprise and amazement of Inez!

The ceremony took place in the chapel, and although Inez saw, in the shadows of the place, many persons as spectators, she did not regard their presence. She was happy in the love of Feliz, in the approba-

tion of her father. What was all the world else to her?

From the chapel the bridegroom led his bride through into a magnificent hall, which was lighted by a thousand waxen candles and panelled with mirrors. It was the throne room. At the extremity was the throne itself. Before it was a long line of guards, and around it was assembled the whole splendor of the court. Feliz led his trembling bride towards the throne. She knew not what the scene could mean; or how one so humble as her husband could find presence there! Still she suffered him to lead her passively on. They reached the foot of the throne, when two knights came forward and cast upon the shoulders of Feliz a regal cloak, and placed a crown upon his head! Two noble ladies at the same time threw an ermine robe around Dona Inez, and encircled her brow with a glittering coronet. Don Feliz then took the hand of his bride to lead her up the steps of the throne where sat the king and queen!

"What means this, Feliz? I am bewildered!"

"Keep heart, dear wife!" answered Feliz, as he drew her gently on.

"Welcome, daughter!" cried the king, rising and embracing Dona Inez.

"Welcome, sweet Inez, my child," said the queen, folding her to her bosom, and then seating her by her side.

"What, oh what is this! Tell me am I in a dream!" she cried, looking around, and then clasping her hands, and fixing her eyes upon Feliz.

"No, gentle Inez," answered Feliz with the smile of love triumphant.

"Who then are you, Feliz," she cried with tears of mingled joy and fear.

"The Infanta, Don Carlos, Prince of Castile!"

"Let the trumpets sound," cried the king, and proclaim the union of Don Carlos the heir to the throne of Spain and the Indies, to Dona Inez, daughter of Diego, Duke of Alvarez!"

The proclamation echoed and re echoed through the hall, and the lovely bride, whose truth and fealty had thus been nobly rewarded, fell upon her husband's neck, and softly whispered, amid the acclamations and clangor of trumpets:

"Feliz, as I would have loved and honored you as your troubadour, even so will I love and honor you as your princess; nor can I love you any more as Don Carlos, than I have loved you as the lowly Feliz! But I will not conceal from you the fullness of my great joy! My heart trusted in you, and it was not deceived!"

GOOD-NIGHT.—TO MARY.

Good-night! and when the dusky veil
Of sleep shall shade thy gentle brow,
May no dark dream thy rest assail,
Or sadness o'er thy spirit throw—
But slumbers, light as those that bless
The cradled infant's holiness—
Be thine, with all their soothing powers,
Unbroken through night's darksome hours.

Good-night! but still if fancy's wings
To vision'd scenes thy thoughts should bear,
Oh! be as pure, the dream she brings,
As thy own spotless feelings are:
Some blissful token from on high,
Prompted by angels passing by,
To whom the high behest is given,
To fling o'er virtues couch the hues of heaven.

B. M. L.

WOMAN'S MISSION.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

SHE was a beautiful bride!—a truly beautiful woman. Her's was not, however, the beauty which a statuary may impart to cold marble, the perfection of form and feature, in the untouched bloom of youth, but the living, speaking, loveliness of a soul, full of love, and trust, and goodness; and high and holy hope, flashing out from its pure shrine in every tone, or word, or movement; the commanding beauty of a noble character, legibly impressed upon a perfect tablet. Every one who knew her admired and honored her; but she was not *loved* by all, for she was not one of those weak, effeminate creatures, who appeal, with all the helplessness of infancy, to the tender affections of the heart. Men could not regard her as a fair, frail being, formed in utter dependence upon their support; to be guided by their judgment, worn as a beautiful ornament, soothed, petted, and led, just as it pleased their caprice or convenience; and so they did not love her. Women did not love her, because her superior mind could not enter, with intense interest, into all the petty joys and griefs which seemed, to them, of such great moment. She was not transported with the beauty of a new bonnet, nor thrown into extacies by the tones of a new piano. She could not weep with the tender Mary for the death of her poor little caged bird, nor sympathise in the terrible alarm with which Ida shrank from the proximity of a poor caterpillar, or a big black spider. She did not shriek, nor fall into hysterics, when mamma's pet fell down upon the carpet, or got his little finger pinched. In her intercourse with the world she never dealt in flattery or scandal. She looked, with a quiet smile, on occurrences that were, to others, exceedingly agitating; and though she had always a gift for the poor and a tear for the miserable, and a kind word for every body, still they did not love her; and the general opinion was: She is cold, and proud, and heartless.

But she had met with *one* who *loved* her; a man capable of appreciating worth in woman; who would wear her proudly, as a monarch wears his diadem. He was, in soul, and form, and feature, a perfect specimen of manhood. And she loved him as only a heart like her's can love. She had walked thus far in life's pathway alone. She had met no spirit that could blend with her's; no eye that could understand her own; no heart that could echo truly the sympathies that made the music of her life. But when she met Arthur Wood, she felt that she had found all that was necessary to her happiness. And when, after a thorough acquaintance, he drew her fondly to his bosom, and asked if she could be content to follow the star of his destiny; to live with him, and for him, for ever, she felt her very soul gush out, in grateful ecstasy, with the softly murmured answer, "I

will." And she was a bride; beautiful, happy, and envied. And well might Jane Wood be envied by every woman who looked on her that day; for she stood high above them in the scale of intellectual life; her spirit was glorious in a purity that knew no envy, malice, or remorse; and her heart, that deep fountain, which, with its ever-gushing, sweet, or bitter waters, makes woman's happiness or misery, was full to overflowing with the rich, trusting bliss of perfect love. And he, whom her affections so worshipped, was worthy of that homage; for he was noble of soul, generous of heart, and lofty of spirit; he had honor, genius, and a competency of this world's wealth; and he loved her fondly, strongly, purely,—even as she loved him. As she sat beside him, in his elegant, though not sumptuous dwelling, surrounded by neatness and beauty, arranged by the magic hand of taste, she clasped his hand, tenderly, between both her's, to her bosom, and breathed, in a tone that seemed of heaven, so expressive was it of perfect satisfaction:

"Now I am wholly happy; my heart needed only this. Its holy place is now filled with the presence of the deity toward whom it has always yearned, without knowing what it needed; what angel inhabitant should be able thus to fill it with warmth, and light, and music. Oh, I am happy!—and this happiness shall endure for ever—for ever!"

She was a miserable wife!—a heart-broken and bowed down woman. Alone she sat, with heaped up work-basket beside her, in one of those wretched dwellings which the poor are permitted to occupy, in fear and agony, lest, after months of toil and privation, they should not be able to carry to the sumptuous palace of the landlord, the sum, so paltry to him, demanded of them so imperiously, for the privilege of cowering under the roof which he would not deem a sufficient shelter for his animals. She was pale, and sad, and worn; her spirit was dark with the pall of its young hopes and high aspirations, and her heart was heavy with the beautiful creations which it had formed and worshipped, and which disappointment had broken down, and heaped in crushing ruin on their living altar. She was poor and wretched, and all who looked on her pitied her. Pity is sweet when she sitteth down beside the sufferer, saying, "Lean on my bosom, sister—dear sister." But when she stands and looks down upon us, though there be tears within her eyelids, and says, "Poor outcast, I will aid thee!" then, even her soft hand lies like fire upon the forehead. Jane Wood was pitied, and passed by; for she was meanly dressed, and her husband was a common drunkard!

Yes, it is possible! Arthur Wood, the high-souled, the sensitive, the intellectual, the loving and beloved, had become a victim to cards and alcohol. He had gambled away his property, he had drowned his soul in intoxicating liquors; he was herding with the basest, seeking employment here and there, that he might gain sufficient to gratify his unquenchable thirst. And she, the neglected, the suffering, the abused woman, she loved him dearly still. And christian people said:

"We would be generous to Mrs. Wood, but it is of no use; for whatever she obtains she lavishes upon her brutal husband. She has no children, and might enjoy a good situation as nurse or governess; still she will toil and suffer, and pay rent, that he may have a shelter, to which he resorts only to consume her earnings, and repay her cares with opprobrious language. She is a foolish woman, and must do the best she can."

And so even the best part of the world excused, to conscience, the lack of holy charity.

She had spread her table with the plain, but wholesome food, which her labor had provided, and which her hand had dressed. She had arranged every article in her lowly abode with perfect neatness; and now she awaited the return of her husband, who had promised to be home by seven o'clock. Seven o'clock went by—eight struck, and yet he came not. Dark and fearful thoughts came crowding upon her soul. Beautiful Memories went weeping past, in funeral procession, each to throw her faded garland upon the grave of Hope. Meagre spectres pointed to a dark and stormy future, and her spirit seemed reeling on the verge of destruction. Darker and more appalling grew the spectres that surrounded her; Poverty, with her hyena-like eyes, gathered her rags around her wasted form, and crept shivering to her straw bed in the shattered hovel. Disease lay writhing on her couch of torture; Guilt crept by, vainly seeking to conceal the face, on which was impressed the indelible brand of infamy. And Scorn, with face averted, pointed with her finger, which pierces the heart with the most unendurable agony. And still her husband was the victim, and through his soul the shafts came with keener agony to her own.

"I can endure no longer!" she cried, at length. "Oh, it is too much—too terrible. How have I deserved such fearful punishment? There is no justice on earth. Is there any in the administration of Providence? Wherefore was I created and endowed with superior abilities and sensibilities, to be degraded to this abject state? If I have deserved all this, and it is therefore I suffer, why are others, no better than I, exempt from punishment? There is no justice."

As she spoke, a shudder ran through her frame, a livid shade passed over her pale face, she clasped her hands over her forehead, and sinking to her knees, bent her face upon the seat of her chair. At that moment, a tall, haggard man, crept stealthily into the room. His apparel was ragged, and soiled with earth, and an old hat, which was crowded down over his eyes, half-concealed his features.

"I will hear the hypocritical cant," he murmured.

But, in the tumult of her soul's agony, she heard him not.

Long time he listened, and caught only convulsive

sobs and wild ejaculations; yet, such was her apparent agony, that he could not, dared not, interrupt her. At length she raised her head. Her eyes were red with weeping, but they beamed with a dazzling splendor; her cheeks were thin, and wet with tears, but they glowed with the warmest flush of feeling.

"Oh, Father!" she cried, in a clear, glad voice, "now I see thee! now I see thee! now I know that thou art. Now I believe that thou hearest me! Oh, I thank thee! that thou hast dispelled from my mind the blackness of darkness which had gathered over it. I sat in the cold shadow of despair, and said there is no God—because I could not see thee. Thou knowest that I have suffered. Thou knowest all my sorrows. Thou hast seen my tears; my struggles with all the ills that have beset my pathway. Thou wilt forgive the bitterness of my soul's agony. Thou wilt listen to me this once—this once, oh, God! I beseech thee. Look, Father! what a wreck he has become! See—see how error has ruined thy most perfect work—thine own glorious image! My God, behold! He is not wholly lost; the stamp of divinity is not effaced from his soul, or from his brow; amid all the ruin that lies crushingly above, still there are seasons when it flashes out as it was wont, and fills my spirit with a shadow of its early happiness. It is not poverty, it is not toil, it is not the world's scorn, that crushes me; it is my sorrow; my anguish for him; for the blight that has fallen on him in whom I gloried. Great God! thou art able to save him. Thou art able, by one touch of thy finger, to awaken his slumbering spirit, and give it strength to burst the bonds with which this moral Delilah has bound his noble faculties. Father!—Father! hear I do beseech thee!"

"Amen!—Amen!" burst from the heart of the listener, as he sank down upon his knees beside her, and encircled her waist with his bony arm, from which the old coat sleeve hung in tatters. "God has heard you, Jane, my angel—my life's guardian! God has heard!"

In that hour, as Jane Wood lay sobbing upon her husband's bosom, with her arms twined lovingly around him, she experienced a happiness so high, so pure, so full of heaven, that she felt overpaid for all that she had suffered.

She sat, in the calm evening, beside her husband, in their beautiful home by the silvery Schuylkill. The elegance of competence, and the refinement of taste, were obvious within and without the mansion; there was no visible lack of any thing that could minister to human happiness. She was reading, but frequently lifted her eyes from her book toward heaven, with ejaculations of such soul-felt delight, that her husband looked smilingly upon her from the paper on which he was earnestly intent. At length he laid his hand on her's, which rested on the table, and placing the Review before her:

"Here, Jane," he said, "read, and rejoice in your work. Those who hold the balance for the gems of mind, have decided that the book you so much admire is worthy an exalted place in the temple of fame; that it shall live for ever."

She fell on her knees at his feet, hid her face on

his bosom, and ejaculated a fervent "Thank God! I knew that you were capable of this—of more!"

The husband raised her, embraced her fervently, and, having seated her beside him, looked with indescribable gratitude and tenderness into her tearful eyes. They were a beautiful couple, although each had passed the fortieth year. He was in the full pride and strength of a vigorous manhood; time had taken nothing from his youthful beauty, but had fixed upon his features the lofty and glorious expression of the soul's loveliness. And she, although her cheek had lost its roundness, and the bright, witching curls were banded beneath the matron's cap, was possessed of an intellectual and holy loveliness, surpassing all the charms of youth. The husband held, between both his, the trembling hand that had given itself to him so long ago, and which had never ceased to minister to his best interests. He looked lovingly upon it, and glanced admiringly on the round, fair arm that rested on his knee.

"Jane," he said, "permit me to recur, this once, to the past, although it is a subject of which you have entreated me never to speak. Tell me, my wife, when you recall *all* the past, with its rainbow hopes, its real sorrows, its intense sufferings; when you review your whole life, do you feel disposed to weep, or to rejoice in the Providence that created and endowed you—and made you mine?"

"I rejoice, my husband, most heartily do I rejoice; and I have cause for rejoicing, for, truly, I am the proudest, happiest wife living; proud of my husband, and happy in his love."

"And you may well be proud and happy, dear Jane, for all that your husband is you have made him. Nobly have you fulfilled your mission, my wife. You have saved your husband, body and soul, in time and in eternity. The world may never know this, but it is known unto God, and heaven shall rejoice in it for ever. You have filled your station; you have been that which every true woman is, a guardian angel. Her ministrations, like those of unembodied angels, are performed in silence, and with an

invisible hand. Yet, in the day when all things are made known, it will appear how much of the goodness and greatness, now claimed by man, belong to woman's well-earned treasures. She was formed for the perfecting of man in happiness, usefulness, and goodness. She possesses an influence over him, which, while it is invisible, is stronger than a chain of adamant. He will meet force with force; he will resist tyranny to the death; but he is weak and gentle as an infant in the delightful bond of a true woman's pure affection. If vice or error fasten upon his soul, with the gripe of a hideous constrictor, and drag him away toward perdition, still, if one woman love him truly, he is not lost. Holding him fondly by every tender fibre of his nature, she still clings, pleading earnestly, to the robe of the divine mercy, exclaiming, like the wrestling patriarch, 'I will not let thee go, except thou bless me!' She may bear the mark of that struggle, through the long night of agony, all the days of her life, but she will prevail. She is an angel, a ministering, a sustaining angel, and will lead the object of her love to her own native heaven. As mother, as sister, as wife, she holds the destiny of man; to form, to purify, to support, and to reclaim. And she—will not her labor of love be richly rewarded? She who has formed a soul to virtue; she who has sustained the faltering footsteps; she who has reclaimed the wanderer, and saved her loved one, body and soul; is not her reward sure? Oh, Jane, when you look upon your husband, do you not feel a consciousness of well-doing, a triumph of love, which is of itself a heaven. And this shall be your's for ever. For every gem which the world bestows upon him, a drop of pure felicity shall fall upon your heart; and every blast of fame's loud clarion, shall awaken in your soul a still, small voice of the sweetest approbation. Nobly have you fulfilled your mission. You have saved from perdition the soul with which your own is eternally blended by the ties of love; and still, as that soul progresses in knowledge and goodness, in usefulness to man, and in its approaches toward God; so will your happiness and rejoicing increase for ever and ever."

SONG.

From the Spanish of Juan Melendes Valdes.

BY MARY G. WELLS.

"Tus ojos nina."

THE glances, love, thy bright eyes dart,
Strike death into my timid heart!
Now wand'ringly around they turn,
Now concentrate their glorious rays,
And now withdraw their dreamy gaze.
Anon, with tender love-light burn,
Then, cruel grown, they mark in scorn
The grief by which my bosom's torn.
The glances, love, thy bright eyes dart,
Strike death into my timid heart.

And if those eyes are heavenward bent,
Filled with a vague, unwonted fear,
Or if their rays the flowrets cheer,
Return'd again on earth intent,

Oh, soon they curb the rapid flight
Of fancy's visions, falsely bright.
The glances, love, thy bright eyes dart,
Strike death into my timid heart.

Those beaming eyes, ah! turn away,
Beloved one, from my fever'd brow,
For I am almost blinded now
By dwelling on their dazzling ray;
Yet—let them look again on me,
Though not, I pray, disdainfully.
The glances, love, thy bright eyes dart,
Strike death into my timid heart!

A GROUP OF CHILDREN.

BY D. C. COLESWORTHY.

A GROUP of happy children, see—
With golden locks and sunny faces ;
From base intrigue and folly free ;
Their hearts are now the dwelling places
Of joy, and love, and pure content.
To them each moment glides away
Bearing afresh the lineament
Of bliss that seems not to decay.

How sweetly musical the gush
Of cheerful voices on the air :
The welkin rings again ;—but hush !
'T is calm as men had met for prayer.
They shout this moment, and next
They 're awe-struck by the sounds afar ;
Now with their little thoughts perplexed—
Now tongue and limb are all ajar.

Sweet, happy children !—but young Time
On eagle pinions hasteneth fast,
When ye must lose youth's golden prime,
And on the sea of life be cast :—
Your destiny I may not tell,
Your deeds of honor and renown,
How many tears your lids may swell—
If virtue smile, or vice shall frown.

The various paths ye all may try,
To gain a living, or secure
The honors that may never die,
I cannot see. Of this I'm sure,
If guided by an honest heart—
A soul from vicious passion free—
Each will in life act well his part,
And gain a bless'd eternity.

Perhaps amid the group I see
One who may touch a Milton's lyre ;
A Byron, joined to misery,
Whose pen was dipp'd in gall and fire ;
A Luther, solemn and sedate ;
A Howard, noble, generous, kind ;
Voltaire, who dared the truth to hate,
And trifle with the deathless mind.

That bright-eyed boy, with roguish looks,
The midnight lamp may yet consume,
And gather knowledge from his books,
The world of science to illumine ;
While he, who with a pleasant smile,
Enjoys the trifling joke so well,
May have a vicious heart of guile,
The catalogue of crime to swell.

Yon tiny child, with golden locks,
May influence yet the world at large :
Perhaps a Calvin or a Knox
Is now beneath a parent's charge ;
Or wild and wayward, he may roam
An outcast on the land or sea ;
Forgetting all the joys of home,
A wretch despised by all to be.

He, gazing on the flashing sky,
Or listening to the thunder-peal,
As if he felt that God were nigh,
May have the genius of a Steele.
In him who lifts the tender flower,
The anthers and the petals scanning,
Who loves the green sward and the bower,
May burn the eloquence of Channing.

That stately youth, with thoughtful eye,
And noble heart,—so frank and free—
May lay his kite and plaything by,
A second Fessenden to be.
While this, so studious and so grave,
At times forgetful of his sport,
May be a Preble, wisely brave—
A Longfellow to shine at court.

And now I see amid the group,
With earnest voice and flashing eye,
One whose strong spirits never droop—
Who loves the thundering of the sky.
The whirlwind, as it sweeps the sea,
Fixes his gaze, and makes him feel
The presence of a Deity—
He has the spirit of a Neal.

Yon active lad, who early fears
Before the shrine of vice to bow,
And marks the more than orphan tears,
May have the earnest zeal of Dow.
In him who wanders through the fields,
Or o'er the hills in studious mood,
While every leaf new wisdom yields,
May live the genius of a Wood.

And he who plays along the shore,
While every shell his thought beguiles,
May o'er its beauties love to pore,
Till he becomes another Mighels.
While he who gazes at a star,
When shadows gather, dim and dark,
And wonders what it is so far,
May have the patience of a Clarke.

Mark him, with serious, solemn look,
The Bible is his chief delight ;
Each day he reads the holy book ;
He 'll be a Condit or a Dwight.
And he who ever scolds and frets,
And turns away so surly from us,
And always in some mischief gets,
May be an Hsley or a Thomas.

That active urchin, full of talk,
Who passes all his hours so gaily ;
Now swopping knives—now selling chalk—
May be a Patten or a Bailey.
And he who lingers round the hearth,
Perusing all the books he owns—
Who will not join the pleasant mirth—
May be a Libbey or a Jones.

There's one loves the ocean's roar,
And listens to the pattering rain;
He marks the waves that tumble o'er,
And fall like giants on the main;
He's happy in the sun or shade—
That roguish, wayward, little elf—
O, who would think that he was made
For one like Becket, or ourself?

Beneath that noble brow may rest
The gentle nature of a Potts—
Or slumbering in the generous breast,
The deep devotion of a Watts:
And here, a Franklin's mighty mind—
A Cervantes, a Bulwer, Scott;
Or there to bless the human kind,
A Davy, Whitney, or a Watt.

That child with silver voice, may be
Like Willis, when he sung of yore;
A Whittier, ever mild and free,
A Burns, a Howitt, or a Moore;
In this, the flame of him who sung
The pleasant "Voices of the night;"
Perhaps a Pollok, or a Young;
A Smith, a Morris, or a Light.

And in this little headstrong elf,
Montgomery's sacred thoughts may dwell;
A Ladd, forgetful of himself—
Perhaps the spirit of a Tell.
In him who shrinks from others' gaze,
Whose angry feelings nought can stir,
The fire of passion soon may blaze,
More than a match for Lucifer.

Perhaps a Brainard's spirit may
Rest calmly in that ragged boy:
A Martyn, who to give away
The bread of life, and sin destroy
Upon a heathen shore, may yield
The bliss of home—its pure delight;
A Munsen, falling on the field,
Just as the foe had met his sight.

A Payson, eloquent for truth—
A Jenkins, kind, persuasive, good—
May rise from this ambitious youth,
To stand ere long where erst they stood:
A Raikes, to teach the pliant mind,
A Scott or Doddridge to expound;
A Morrison, to lead the blind,
Where peace and joy alone are found.

That feeble boy, so full of hope,
May be distinguished in the race;
Perhaps a Goldsmith or a Pope,
A Perkins, Newland, or La Place.
His forehead with its full expanse,
The living fire of talent shows;
Who'd wonder should he prove a Hance,
A West, a Shepherd, or a Boze?

The brightest of that happy throng,
No future genius may display;
Perhaps they'll school their hearts to wrong—
And turn from Justice, Truth away;
Their crimes may stain their native land,
To find dishonor'd graves at last;
Or they may join a pirate band,
And perish hanging at the mast.

O, may they each to virtue give
Their talents and their influence now;
That in the future they may live
With truth enstamp'd upon the brow.
In blessing others—being blessed—
Sweetly will pass their fleeting days,
Till in a land where spirits rest,
They tune their hearts to endless praise.

'T is thus I muse, where'er I see
A noisy and a happy throng—
While still my spirits leap to be
A sharer in the sport and song.
I would I were like them again,
So full of frolic, life and joy;
As free from sorrow, care and pain,
As when I was a careless boy!

TO THE LOVED AND LOST.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

THE star on which we loved to gaze
Is smiling in the tranquil west,
And Cynthia's soft light, trembling plays
As erst upon the streamlet's breast,
But where art thou? mild, thoughtful one!
Thy low, dear voice is o'er me stealing
With the same sad and thrilling tone
As, when absorbed in pensive feeling,
Thou 'st pointed to this pure, bright star,
Just sinking in the west afar,
And said "Its brief hour emblems mine—"
Alas! the words prophetic were—
How very brief an hour was thine!

Ah! dost thou linger near me now
Sweet spirit? In my heart I feel

That thou art here,—that on my brow
Thy gentle touch is laid, to steal
Ambition's longings back—to bow
Pride's lofty mien—bid passion kneel—
My heart's vain yearnings to control,
And deeply tranquilize my soul.

Oh! sweet 't would be to *know* that thou
Wert ever wandering by my side!
To read the language of my brow,
The thoughts that through my bosom glide.
Around my lips smiles would not grow—
They're all too tame the bliss to tell,
Which, gathering in my heart, below,
Would joys wide boundaries overswell.

THE MYSTERIOUS LADY.

BY MAYNE REID.

On the eastern shore of Lake Pontchartrain stands the handsome village of C—, a watering place, and one of those welcome little "cities of refuge" from the dreaded influence of "yellow jack."

In the winter season nobody thought of living in the village of C—; in summer everybody seemed to be there. It was then the gayest little place in Louisiana, and contained French, English, Spaniards, Italians, Germans and Americans, and in fact specimens of almost every civilized nation on the face of the globe.

In the summer of 18— the village exhibited scenes of unusual gayety and pleasure, for an unusual number of people had found their way thither, partly on account of the severe sickness which prevailed in the "crescent city," and partly from the growing popularity of the place.

The rich merchant, the proud planter, and the parvenue, the banker and his clerk, all met here in a spirit of social equality to be found nowhere else. And then of ladies there was every style of beauty—the dark and voluptuous Spanish maiden—the gay and frolicsome Frenchwoman—the lively Acadienne of the coast, born for dancing, and the Creole of the ~~Atchafalaya full of native interest besides a large~~ sprinkling of the brave western girls—noble maidens of Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee, whose bright blonde complexions and graceful figures, did not lose by comparison with their darker sisters of the "sunny south."

The gentlemen, as is usual in such cases, considerably outnumbered the other sex, so that no lady, however homely, (and there were few of these at C.) needed repine for the absence of a partner.

Leaving the general crowd of visitors to their fancies and flirtations, we will now introduce the reader to the acquaintance of two mysterious ladies, who had arrived to honor the village with their temporary presence.

No gentleman accompanied them—no male attendant, with the exception of a white-haired venerable looking old negro, who, with a mulatto servant-maid, constituted their whole retinue.

A very handsome chateau, which had been built for a summer residence by a rich old French merchant of New Orleans, stood upon the outskirts of the village, facing the lake. Its founder had long since died, and for several years past the chateau had been let to summer refugees, at a very high rent.

To this place, upon their arrival, the two ladies of whom we have so particularly spoken, retired; and from this circumstance, as well as from the fact that they brought with them a handsome carriage with a fine pair of blooded bays, and an extensive assortment of traveling trunks, they were set down at once as ladies of property—perhaps a rich widow and her daughter, for one of the strangers was old enough to have been the mother of her companion.

Now there was nothing so very mysterious in any or all of these circumstances. On the contrary, every thing was very natural—if we except, indeed, the fact of the ladies being unattended by a gentleman companion; but even this, in a country of such a character for chivalry as the south-west, where a lady may always find civility and protection from strangers, was not looked upon as being *very* strange. No! it was not this; but the circumstances which followed, that gave a mysterious character to the new comers, and led to a keen curiosity on the part of their fellow villagers.

They brought no letters of introduction—made no acquaintances—went to no balls—and when they walked out to bathe, or rode out in their carriage they went alone—attended only by their faithful and reverend looking domestic.

The face of the old lady—a very respectable French physiognomy—had been frequently seen—that of the young one never, if we except a small portion of the lower and less interesting part, including the tip of the nose, lips and chin, (perhaps we are wrong in calling the section in which the lips are situated the less interesting part.) These had been subjected to the keen scrutiny of the curious, and were pronounced perfect—the neck, too, had been approved of as well as the general figure which was light and graceful; but as for the upper section of the face, it had never been seen by any one in the village of C. and the color of the eyes could only be guessed at. A thick black veil, carefully adjusted upon a handsome bonnet, sufficiently protected these from the most pertinacious and persevering curiosity. Weeks passed, and the lady with the black veil was still the mysterious lady with the black veil. Every attempt, consistent with good breeding, had been made to become acquainted with these ladies, and to get a peep at the hidden treasure of eyes which the envious black veil was supposed to conceal—but to no purpose. They resolutely maintained their incognito, and refused all approaches toward socialism. Various reports were in circulation about their character. One made them adventurers from the city or from France, (it had been ascertained that they were Frenchwomen in style and language,) yet they did not pursue the course adopted by adventurers—they were making no victims except those of curiosity.

Another report, which agreed with the first impressions concerning them, and the grounds of which had been furnished by a letter from the city, to a resident at the watering place, was, that the ladies were a rich widow and her daughter from France, who had spent the preceding winter in New Orleans, in great seclusion, visiting only two or three very old and respectable families of the city, French *émigrés*.

This agreed with the conduct of the strangers.

They both dressed in deep mourning, and their domestic wore crape. So it was generally believed, but it did not do any thing to lessen the curiosity which the female part of the population felt towards them, and certainly heightened the interest of the gentlemen in their favor to a very alarming extent. A rich heiress, with such a nose, lips, and chin—must certainly have killing eyes if she would only show them—and so modest of her to conceal them—so kind yet unkind—in short with that species of yearning, which the human mind feels for things difficult to be obtained; so longed the gentlemen visitors to look upon those hidden orbs—so longed they to be looked upon by them.

Pierre, the venerable old negro, (or, as he was familiarly termed, Pete,) was frequently tempted, but Pete was an "old soldier," he had received his instructions, no doubt, and "mum" was his motto. Nothing could be elicited from this source.

About the middle of the season at C. a party of gentlemen—six in number—were sitting, late at night, in a private parlor of the principal hotel.

The conversation, as it had often on former occasions, turned upon the mysterious lady of the black veil.

"In my opinion," said a handsome young Kentuckian named Risley, "perseverance can accomplish almost any thing within human power, and as I do not believe it to be a human impossibility, I mean to persevere until I have had a peep under that black veil, and a good manly look into the eyes beneath!"

"If she has got eyes, Ned."

"Well, if she has not, the more pity for her, poor girl—and I shall have lost my labor."

"You can never do it," cried one of the gentlemen.

"How much will you bet that I don't?"

"Any thing you please."

"Very well—here are six of us: one, two, three, four—six. I believe we are all to be citizens of New Orleans next winter."

"Yes, all," cried several voices.

"Very well."

"I will bet you the finest supper for six that can be cooked at the St. Charles, that before this mystery leaves C. I shall have seen her full face and gazed in her lovely eyes—Is it a bet?"

"I take it," replied the other, "but first the terms—you are not to use no rude means to win your bet."

"Come, come," interrupted Risley, rather angrily. "I am not likely to outrage the laws of good breeding for the sake of winning a paltry supper."

"Nay!" said the other, "I am convinced of that, and when we meet in New Orleans, I will take your word of honor, whether you have fairly won or not—so a bet it is; a supper for six."

"When is the supper to be eaten?" inquired one of the party.

"On New Year's Eve—what say you all?"

"New Year's Eve. New Year's Eve!"

"New Year's Eve be it, then—in the St. Charles."

The party soon after separated for their respective beds.

For several days after this occurrence might young Risley be seen, throwing himself in the way of the two strange ladies, and dogging their footsteps; yet still in a respectful and modest manner.

At one time he would conceal himself behind a tree and wait for their coming up, thinking by this means to catch a glimpse—at another time would he turn landscape painter, and, port-folio in hand, throwing himself upon his knees in front of the chateau, would seem to be carefully sketching the house and grounds; but at the same time, his eyes would be anxiously fixed upon the windows, while his heart inwardly cursed the interference of the jealous "venetians."

The season had far advanced—most of the members of the supper party had left C., having gone to other resorts, but Risley still remained, determined to try it out, and win the supper. But there was another reason, now, for his clinging pertinaciously to the spot. By meddling too much with fire he had burnt his fingers. He had fallen desperately in love with the veiled lady, and what at first had been only an innocent amusement with him, had now become a serious attachment. He had not yet seen the eyes, but he had seen enough to satisfy him that their owner was refined and gracefully beautiful.

In this state of mind Edward Risley was one day sauntering along the shore of the lake, near the envied chateau. The ladies had gone out riding, and he was, as usual, waiting for the return of the carriage, in order that he might gain a glimpse of its inmates as they alit at the gate of their residence. Farther along the beach, in the direction in which the ladies had driven, a party of gentlemen were amusing themselves in shooting sea-gulls that, at intervals, came within reach.

The carriage appeared at a projecting point just as a gun was fired by one of the party, and the spirited horses taking alarm, at the report, broke from the hands of their infirm driver, and galloped wildly along the road. A few feet from the gate of the chateau was a narrow and dangerous bridge, over which the horses seemed determined to cross, but the chances were ten to one in favor of the carriage being precipitated against the rocky buttress and dashed to pieces. This the young Kentuckian, who was standing near the bridge, perceived, and coolly drawing his pistol, he took stand in the shelter of a large rock, and awaited their approach. The horses came on at a furious rate, their driver having lost all command of them. As they came opposite where he stood, the Kentuckian presented his pistol and fired—the ball passed through the head of the off-hand horse, and the animal dropped dead in the traces. The other, thus suddenly impeded in his progress, and entangled in the harness, after a few violent plunges, also fell, and the carriage stood still almost uninjured. But the young man had approached too near for the purpose of taking a more certain aim. The wheel of the carriage had passed over him, and he was lying senseless upon the road.

Edward Risley awoke from a long and horrid dream. He looked around him. He was in a curtained bed, in a chamber apparently well furnished. He could see no one, but he could not see every part of the chamber. Presently he heard a sweet female voice inquire:

"Do you think, doctor, he is not badly hurt?" An answer was given in the affirmative, and a mo-

ment after, the curtain was quietly and stealthily drawn, and a dark flashing eye from beneath a black veil and bonnet was fixed upon him. It was instantly withdrawn, though not before Risley recognised the face of the veiled lady. He now began to recollect himself, and the fact that he was bandaged and bruised with a faint remembrance of having been knocked down and run over by a carriage, assisted him in making out his position. "It is very clear," thought he, "that they have brought me into the chateau—and clear, too, that I have seen the eyes and won the bet—but I have paid well for it, if a broken heart and broken bones may be considered of any value."

The Kentuckian was right—he had been carried into the chateau, which was the nearest house to the spot where the accident had occurred, and from which the doctor had forbidden his removal for some time.

Here, for ten days, as he afterwards acknowledged, he received the most careful nursing from two of the kindest ladies he had ever met with in his life, but, with the exception of the glimpse he had through the curtain, after first recovering his sensibility, he never afterwards saw the eyes of the younger one. Even in the house she constantly wore her bonnet and the impenetrable veil. This made the thing to him more mysterious; but he had seen the eye, once, and had therefore won the supper. The supper, poor fellow, had become of secondary consideration to him. He would have lost fifty suppers, but to have had one kind, encouraging smile from those dark eyes.

The reader is not to suppose that the heart of this singular lady was adamant, any more than the rest of her sex, and Risley was one of the handsomest fellows that ever came from Kentucky—besides, the tender duty of nursing one who has perilled life in our service, has its effect—and on many occasions has a singular sympathy sprung up between nurse and patient.

The gallant young Kentuckian began to be aware of some reciprocity of his burning passion, and when the time arrived that it became necessary as a delicate measure, that he should be removed from the chateau, he found himself one morning upon his knees before the veiled lady, offering her "his hand, his heart and his fortune."

This offer, which few ladies in the west would have declined—for Risley was both rich and renowned—the lady of the mask modestly but feelingly refused.

Her answer was characteristic.

"Sir," said she, "your offer and yourself I highly esteem—perhaps—" and here her voice was lowered almost to a whisper, "perhaps more than esteem—but there is an inseparable barrier between us, an insurmountable obstacle to our union—the nature of which I am not now at liberty to inform you. As you have told me, however, that New Orleans is your winter home, and as I myself purpose residing there during the coming season, I shall consider it my duty at an early period to make you aware of the reasons of my refusing the honor you have so kindly offered me. When you have become acquainted with those reasons, they will, no doubt, prove satisfactory, and the love which you now profess to feel for me, will give place to indifference, perhaps disgust."

"Never, never!" exclaimed the enthusiastic Kentuckian, trying to detain her—but it was in vain. She had vanished from the room, and would not again be seen.

With a heavy heart Risley left the chateau, under whose friendly roof he had passed the happiest hours of his life.

In a few days, too, the ladies left the village, and returned to the city of New Orleans. Risley was not long in following them, and having reached the city, began to make inquiries about their name and residence. He could gain information of neither, and he was compelled to wait patiently for the lady's fulfilment of her promise.

New Year's Eve approached, but as yet no news of the veiled lady. He had, at least, won the supper. As he had seen that dark eye, and felt it upon his soul, it would be a melancholy supper to him. He little thought, when he had made the bet, but that it would be a merry one. How much was he disappointed. Many a time had he reflected upon her last words, "An insurmountable obstacle; one which would change his love into disgust." What powerful alchymy could have such an effect as this! A thousand things forced themselves upon his imagination, and were rejected by his judgment. Poverty? No! Deformity? No! She was perfect. Shame, ruin, disgrace? Impossible! a mind like her's could never have submitted to this. No! no! no! What then?

In the midst of his agony and doubting hopes, New Year's Eve came on, and the six friends who were to partake of the supper assembled in the famous St. Charles.

Risley sat at the head of the table. He alone, as yet, knew who had won the bet. His melancholy abstraction had attracted the observation of his five friends, and they rallied him upon it, jokingly saying that it was unnecessary for him to tell them the result of the wager, as they saw from his manner that he had lost. Risley, however, shortly after, set them right upon this point, by announcing to the party that he had won, as he had seen the eyes, though only once, and that he never expected to look upon them again.

He spoke in such a melancholy tone, that his friends began to think there really was some mystery about the veiled lady. They desired very much to question him further, but Risley's abrupt refusal to communicate any more information upon the subject, and his evident displeasure at hearing it spoken of, at all, soon caused it to be dropped, and other subjects became the theme of conversation. While the party were thus gaily discussing the rich viands, a servant entered, and inquiring for Mr. Risley, handed him a letter.

Risley, asking the indulgence of his friends, opened the letter, and read.

All at once he started upon his feet, his countenance exhibiting emotions of extreme joy, and eagerly grasping the hand of the gentleman upon his right, and who was supposed to have been the unfortunate loser, he exclaimed:

"Your hand, Fred, your hand. You have won, my boy, you have won, and I'm the happiest fellow alive!" And so he seemed to be, for he danced around the room with delight.

"You are the happiest fellow I ever saw, to have lost six ten dollar suppers," replied the other. "But how—how have I won; where was the mistake; you saw the eyes, did you not?"

"No, you dog! one only—one, my boy! There is but one, the other was *glass*, and I never knew it till this moment!"

"Upon my word, Risley," said one of his laughing friends, "the lady is certainly indebted to you for the pleasure you seem to feel in her misfortune."

"And the glass eye," added another, "accounts for the mystery of the black veil."

"Yes!" said Risley, "and it accounts for my joy at this moment. But I see, my friends, you are all puzzled and perplexed; so just lend me your ears a moment, and I will explain. After you had all left E—, I became acquainted with the two ladies. The horses ran off with them in their carriage. I stopped the carriage, got run over, and was carried into the chateau, where I remained ten days an invalid. During the whole of that time, though I was much in company with the young lady, I never saw her eyes but once, then, it appears, I only saw one, but I supposed it was all right. It appears, however, it is the only one the poor girl has. That is not all, my friends, I fell desperately in love. If you only witnessed her graceful actions, and heard the music of her voice, so, too, would you—all of you. At last I offered her my hand. She refused me in the most delicate and feeling manner, telling me that an 'insurmountable obstacle prevented our marriage,' one which, when known to me, would create within me disgust. She would not then tell me what it was, but promised to inform me at New Orleans; and here, according to promise, is her letter, in which she tells me that she *loves* me, and the only obstacle which she speaks of is her unfortunate infirmity."

"Unfortunate, indeed; you would not marry her?"

"Marry her! Yes, if both her eyes were glass. But she has one left, still, worth any two eyes I have ever looked upon; but come, friends, excuse me for a short space; I will soon return. Rue Carondelet, No. —. She is French, gents, but, no matter, I will soon rejoin you; in the meantime make yourselves merry; but I cannot feel happy until I have made *her* so, by telling her that the *glass eye* is no obstacle whatever."

So saying, the generous-hearted Kentuckian, having taken leave of his friends, who willingly indulged him, hurried out, and sought the house indicated by the letter he had just received. He stopped at a large mansion in the Rue Carondelet, No. —, he

looked, it was the number. He rang the bell, and was ushered, by the liveried servant, into a gorgeous apartment, where, seated upon an ottoman, under brilliant lamps, was the being he sought, dressed precisely as he had always seen her, and still wearing the black bonnet and veil. Without stopping for ceremonious recognition, the warm-hearted youth rushed forward and flung himself at her feet.

"Dearest girl," cried he, "did you suppose that my love for you had no other foundation than a mere personal fancy, and could be overthrown by the discovery of this slight physical imperfection? Your mind won my love, and your conduct, in this matter, has strengthened my admiration; I might almost say that the knowledge of your misfortune has made me happier, for it makes me feel more your equal; at least am I happy to know that I may, in some measure, alleviate your sufferings."

The bosom of the beautiful creature, whom he addressed, was swelling with admiration, and her whole frame quivered with delight, as she rose proudly to answer him.

"Generous lover," said she, "since, upon such conditions, you are willing to receive, I am but too happy to bestow upon you the hand and heart of Adeline Cardoville!"

She held out one hand to her lover, while, with the other, she adroitly removed her bonnet and veil. Ha! was it fancy that bewildered the brain of the Kentuckian. Two coal-black, burning eyes, each of them a soul in itself, gleamed upon him, quivering to his very heart, while their beautiful owner stood over him, smiling in triumph. She had triumphed. She had stooped to conquer, as the explanation showed. Left an heiress of large fortune, in France, she had suffered the persecution of false lovers consequent on such a state. A woman of unusual mind, Adeline had determined to win a husband worthy of her beauty and fortune, and, by a freak of fortune, had resolved, with her mother, to visit the new-world, where, as we have seen, she met one in every way worthy of her.

It was late that night when Edward Risley returned to his companions at the St. Charles. It is hardly necessary to say that his presence infused joy, but greater still was their delight when he informed them of the result of his interview, and invited them severally to be present at his wedding. For many a succeeding New Year's Eve did the same party of six repeat the wagger supper, always drinking to the *lady of the glass eye*.

WORSHIP WITHOUT FEAR.

APPROACH not the altar

With gloom in thy soul;

Nor let thy feet falter

From terror's control!

God loves not the sadness

Of fear and mistrust:

Oh, serve Him with gladness,

The Gentle, the Just!

MRS. OSGOOD.

THE CAPRICE OF THE SENSIBILITIES.

A SERIES OF SONNETS.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

Author of "The Yemassee," "Atlantis," &c.

I.

TRUE,—love has its perils and denials—takes
Its color from the cloud; and, with a will,
Born of capricious fancy, sometimes aches
With its own raptures, wild and wilful still;—
Is pleased to grieve o'er griefs that may not rise,
And finds a tempest in serenest skies;—
Suspects where it should worship, and grows cold
When most the mutual fire is warm and bright,—
And is, self-doom'd, a stranger to delight,
When most the entwining arms of truth would fold
The estranged one in the happiest heart-embrace!
But these are natural aspects in the strife
Of nature, worn by all of mortal race,
And prove far less of suffering than of life.

II.

It is, indeed, the nature that requires,
Even from these changing aspects, a new birth;
Caprice is but the sleep of the desires,
As sadness is the sweet repose of mirth;—
And all the dear variety of earth,
Is so much fuel to renew her fires!
The eye that saddens, now, unknowing why,
To-morrow, with as little consciousness,
Will blaze with freshest lustres,—as the sky
Late sorrowing with a cloudy, cold, distress,
Anon, in all her bright of blue appears!—
Love puts on strangest aspects, that confess
A nature, not a will; and in her tears,
The very hope is born, whose birth alone can bless!

III.

Not such are love's true sorrows;—in her fate
Lie deeper perils—dooms more desolate!—
Hers are the worst of fortune, since they grow,
From the excessive exquisite in life,
She perils in the field of human strife;—
The sensibilities—the hopes that flow
From those superior fountains of the soul,
Where all is but a dying and a birth,
A resurrection and a sacrifice;
Which, though it happen on the lowliest hearth,
Is yet the breaking of a golden bowl,
Still destined to renewal,—for new ties,
And other Sunderings,—and that mortal pain,
To know that death and birth alike are vain!

138

IV.

That stroke which shatters the devoted heart,
Its faith in the beloved one—the sweet trust,
That felt him genial and believed him just,
And rudely rends the linked souls apart,
Denied the old communion—is the blow
Most mortal, that the mortal meets below!
The death of the affections—the true life
That from humanity pluck'd the cruel sting,
Which, born of its first faltering, doom'd the strife
Heal'd only by the true heart's ministr'ing!—
There is no other sorrow, born of love,
Which love itself can heal not;—and for this,
'T were idle any ministry to prove,—
Since love, in loss of faith, hath lost all right to bless!

V.

Thus is it that the heart which other two
But strengthens with new tendrils,—when it shakes,
Doom'd to the lightning terrors of this blow
Sinks, shivering with the bolt, and sudden breaks.
Fibres knit close as tendrils of the vine,
Lock'd fast and clinging to the upholding pine,—
Even as the faith is rent, which was the tree,
Fix'd steadfast and high-towering o'er all,
To which the affections clung, nor fear'd to fall,—
To perish all the hopes and sympathies:—
A thousand veins, and ruptured arteries
Lie sunder'd at the stroke, all bleeding free;
Wasting their precious streams upon the roots
Of the great tree that never more has fruits!

VI.

No fruits, no life!—what matter if the tree,
Still lifts his brow erect against the sky,
Great shaft and mighty branches,—if there be
No blossom, in his season, for the eye—
No green of leaf, no gorgeous pageantry,
 wooing the prolific and embracing air
To harbor in the noontide, and to brood
Still murmuring music in his slumberous mood,
While birds sit swarming with their young ones there;
Their life a summer day or less—not long,
But still a life of blossom and of song,—
The blossom and the song being each a birth,
Born only of the fruit, and born of earth,
For earth, that still love's promise, might be fair!

LILIAS LEE;

OR, THE BETROTHED.

BY HENRY FENTON.

ON the eastern margin of the Cayuga lake, is a small village, or at least a few houses, laying claim to that appellation, the scenery adjacent to which combines, perhaps, more of the romantic and picturesque, than is to be found any where in the wide state of New York. Here, when the warring winds are at rest, the traveler pauses to view the beautiful and the serene, and, as he lingers within its charmed precincts, feels the quiet and gentle spirit of the scene pervading his breast. The lake, between three and four miles in width, lies in one calm and unbroken sheet before him, faithfully reflecting the blue arch above, and the few light and gently moving clouds that vary its loveliness. The drooping willow bends, gracefully, over the margin of the motionless water, gazing upon the long and verdant tendrils mirrored forth in its glassy depths.

Let me carry the reader back, in imagination, some fifty years, before even the few buildings, which now mark this spot, had been erected, when no rude sounds of the busy occupations of men broke in upon the solitude of nature.

Day was breaking, among the mountains, and a soft and mellow light was stealing over hill and valley, and placid water, and the matin carol of nature's songsters was already filling the air with melody. The light sound of the oars of a small boat, dipping at quick and regular intervals, at a distance, could now be heard, and soon a little bark, with a solitary tenant, issued from the shadow of a rock on the margin of the lake. The occupant was an Indian. Fishing tackle lay in profusion about him, and a rifle rested across the stern of the boat; the latter, as he drew near the shore, he discharged into the air—the clear sharp sound echoed and re-echoed among the distant hills, and all was again silent. A few minutes passed, and a young man, clad in a light summer dress, and also bearing angling apparatus, came, with rapid pace towards the waters edge. A few dexterous movements of the oars brought the Indian and his skiff to the beach, where, after a friendly greeting between the parties, the boat received the new comer, and again, under the guidance of its swarthy pilot, shot out into the lake, and, the proper place being found, and the stone anchor with its cable of twisted bark lowered, the friends commenced their sport.

George Waldeford, for such was the name of the young man, now introduced to the reader's attention, was an admirer of nature in her solitary places. To rove, for hours, gun in hand, alone, through the forest wilds, where only the barking of the squirrel, the tapping of the woodpecker, or the solitary 'caw' of the wary crow, that soared at a secure height above him, interrupted the silence; and now to lie upon the margin of some gentle stream, rippling o'er many a

wave-worn stone, and sparkling in the few furtive sunbeams that found their way through the thick foliage, or, as now, to sail, at summer morn, upon the bosom of the glassy lake, and tempt its finny inhabitants forth, were occupations congenial to his mind. Bred to the law, and, but recently enrolled among its practitioners, he had already given proof, not only of unusual native powers of mind, but of the discipline of severe and earnest study; and in these joyous hours of mental relaxation, the ostensible object of his pursuit was often most remote from his mind. The beauties of nature, and the few bright prospects opening in perspective, upon his mind, with the thousand fancied ones that always crowd the young imagination, afforded him themes of happy thought.

The only house, for many miles circumjacent to the spot the reader is now, in imagination occupying, was a neat two story white dwelling, situated on an eminence, some forty or fifty rods from the lake, and so thickly shaded with forest trees as to be scarcely discernible from the beach. This was the residence of a Mr. Lee, a gentleman whose wealth had enabled him to follow the bent of a cultivated taste, by seeking happiness in such a retirement. Waldeford was a distant connexion of Mr. Lee, and was then on a visit, during a part of the summer season, to the patron of his boyhood and the friend of his more advanced days. The Indian, who has been introduced, was one of the many who then lingered, a few of whom may still be seen, in the western part of the state of New York. It is well known that some of these, particularly those whose powers had not fallen before the destroyer, intemperance, possessed a great degree of intelligence, and often proved the capable and willing instructors of their civilized neighbors, in hunting and fishing. These considerations, together with a desire to investigate the Indian character, had induced Waldeford to associate frequently with Wongah, as he was called, one whom he had selected for his superior sagacity and friendly nature.

But to proceed with our narrative. A few hours had passed, fatal to many a perch and pickerel, when the boat again approached the shore, and Waldeford, after making a few choice selections from the bulk of their finny treasures, which his companion engaged to bring after him, and making some other sporting appointment, started on his return.

He was proceeding at a slow pace up the lane, with his eyes cast in thoughtful mood, upon the ground, when he was startled by the pressure of a hand upon his arm, so gentle, that he could not, even if it had been in this bankrupt age of humanity, have mistaken it for a sheriff's grasp, and turning, was greeted with

a merry laugh from a rosy cheeked and blue eyed maiden, whom a poet might style "a nymph, a naiad, or a grace," but who, nevertheless, I earnestly contend, was only sweet Lilius Lee, a maid of mortal mould, but unsurpassed in loveliness by all the heroines of romance.

"Well, cousin George," she said, "I've been wondering this hour, where you could have wandered, and here I find you, returning from a fishing expedition, in a brown study, calculating the profits and losses of your morning's business, I suppose."

"I must confess, then, Lilly, since you have been solicitous for my welfare—"

"It's all profit and no loss; I know what you are going to say. Your compliments are getting old; you must coin a new set."

"But, cousin Lilius—"

"But, cousin George!"

Lilius was the eldest daughter of Mr. Lee, and had just completed her nineteenth year. Distantly connected, she and George addressed each other by the appellation of cousin, and having been intimate in their childhood, the fond parents of Lilius had never thought of the possibility of their acquiring other feelings towards each other, than the puerile attachment which marked their earlier days.

Had Mr. Lee feared aught of this nature he would not have endangered the happiness of his child, by paving the way for an attachment which he could not countenance. A rash promise to his wife, in the last moments of her existence, had left him no option as to the disposal of his daughter. Mrs. Lee was of foreign birth, and possessed a natural predilection for both the products and people of her clime. This was quite blameless, but it was unfortunately carried to such excess that it created an unwarrantable prejudice against every thing which claimed a different origin. Among her few familiar acquaintances in the city, from which they had removed, a short period prior to the time of which this history treats, was a Mr. Elston, an English gentleman, and his son, then about sixteen years of age, handsome in person, well bred and intelligent. It had long been the wish of Mrs. Lee, in her rather premature anxiety about the marriage of her daughter, to procure for her a partner as desirable as she believed young Elston must prove, and between the senior Mr. Elston and Mrs. Lee an understanding had existed for a long time, previous to her death, that this was a consummation mutually to be desired, if satisfactory to the father of Lilius, and to the parties more immediately concerned. But during the last illness of this lady, which was somewhat protracted, her maternal anxiety in this matter, had arrived at a point at which nothing would satisfy her, but a solemn and mutual engagement between the children, in the presence of their parents. This was accordingly entered into, and although at the time it seemed something only amusing to the blue-eyed and light-hearted school girl, she had since been taught to regard it as a solemn and binding rite. There was but little reason to suppose that young Elston would relinquish his claim to the hand of Lilius, endowed, as she was, with all the charms of youth and beauty; or that she would experience any reluctance to fulfil so sacred a promise, especially when it related to a connexion with one whose education, bearing, and

rank in society might have won an untrammelled heart.

Something of this Waldeford had heard, but ignorant of the main truth, he feared that to him, in this case, "ignorance was bliss." He scarcely knew his own heart, or the state of his own feelings, but indulged in a dream of undefined pleasure of which Lilius was always the subject and the centre. They had mingled in their sports, and often sympathized with each other's sorrows; but saw not, or would not allow themselves to contemplate, their growing attachment. Waldeford had, at length, found that he could no longer conceal from himself the fact, that he loved his cousin, and he was bent on disclosing to her his feelings, and learning from her the truth. But whenever he attempted to introduce the subject, she seemed, as if by intuition, to know his intentions, and partly, perhaps from a knowledge that such an interview must be one of painful disclosures, laughed off every word and look that spoke of sentiment or feeling.

"But, cousin Lilius—" said Waldeford.

"But, cousin George," said Lilius.

"Cousin, dear cousin, hear me."

"Nay, cousin, dear cousin, since you will have it so, hear *me*, for I have momentous news to tell."

Miss Lee then proceeded to inform her companion of the expected arrival of her only brother from college; of which they had just received intelligence by letter. He was to be accompanied, she said, by a friend and classmate, who would spend the vacation with them. She did not mention the name of their expected guest, and Waldeford dared not ask, lest, if his suspicions should prove true, his countenance should betray the unpleasant nature of the intelligence, and as Lilius concluded,

"Will you not be happy with them?" only replied,

"Your happiness, cousin Lilly, is a sufficient guaranty for mine."

Lilius cast her eyes to the ground, and a shade of melancholy passed over her lovely features, like the shadow that the swiftly passing cloud throws for a moment, over a smiling landscape. The conviction that George was unhappy, with the reason for that unhappiness, passed suddenly through her mind, but were followed, as suddenly, by a resolution not to seem to observe it.

"Quite a disinterested youth, truly," she replied, looking up with affected gaiety. "Has yonder sun-burnt stoic of the woods, who has been your companion so much of late, cousin George, been schooling you?"

"I would he could teach me not to *feel*," was the brief reply, with which, for the time, their conversation terminated at the door of the paternal mansion.

After the morning meal, while walking in the garden, and revolving in his mind the subject uppermost in his thoughts, Waldeford was joined by the worthy parent of his fair friend, who, after alluding to the expected arrival of William and young Elston, added,

"If you young people do not enjoy yourselves, during this pleasant weather, it must be your own fault."

"It certainly will not be the fault of our kind host and friend," replied the other, evading a direct answer, and half turning to conceal the effect which the name of their expected guest had upon his countenance.

"This Elston I have not seen, since he was a lad of sixteen," continued Mr. Lee, "but if common report speaks truly, and William's statement is not exaggerated, we shall find him a very pleasant accession to our little society."

Mr. Lee did not suspect the nature of Waldeford's feelings, although he entertained a real affection for his young relative, and under other circumstances would have seen him win his daughter's hand with more pleasure than he could experience in sanctioning her union with another. Waldeford expressed much pleasure at the prospect of meeting William Lee and his companion, and said that his sports would be much enhanced in value, when shared by his young friends, and then informing Mr. Lee that he was about embarking on a fishing excursion some miles up the lake, hastily departed, with a promise to procure for his friend's table a supply of a rare and choice species of the piscatory race, to be found at a spot, unknown only to his red companion. Although Waldeford and Wongah, were bent nominally upon a fishing expedition, they each took with them, as was their wont, on such occasions, their shooting apparatus, so that if disappointed or wearied in one kind of sport, they might be prepared to have recourse to the other. Now it so occurred, that, instead of going up the lake, as Waldeford had in good faith informed Mr. Lee, was their intention, the sportsmen, upon consultation, and on the advice of the more experienced native of the woods, that the day would not prove favorable for their intended pastime, changed their course, and having a southerly breeze, raised a temporary sail, and glided six or seven miles in the opposite direction, to the vicinity of a favorite hunting ground. This point they soon gained, and before noon the report of their fire-arms had sounded the requiem of many pheasant and wild turkey. From his unlettered companion Waldeford had learned much that pertained to the use of the rifle, and being before a good marksman, his aim was now almost unerring. While resting beneath the shade of one of the forest trees, having wandered far from the Indian, he was startled by the sound of voices apparently at no great distance.

Approaching the spot, what was his consternation on beholding, in an obscure road, which he then recognized as one leading from a neighboring settlement to the residence of Mr. Lee, two travelers, divested of coat and vest, and bound to trees. Waldeford possessed what few people do possess, presence of mind, and without making any noise or audible ejaculation, he began carefully, but hastily, to survey the spot. A little out of the road, he discovered a carriage, and still farther in the woods, on the opposite side of the road, a horse fastened by his bridle to a sapling. This led him to suppose that the robbery had been recently committed, and that the perpetrators still lingered about the spot. In this conjecture he was not wrong. Slowly and silently he approached nearer to the road, and secured himself from all possibility of observation, under cover of some friendly bushes. Here he could reconnoitre, and form his plans for relief. He soon discovered the robbers, but two in number, sitting in a thicket a few yards from the road, on the opposite side. They were engaged in earnest and close conversation. Waldeford's hand was on his gun, and his gun was to his eye, but he lowered it, undischarged, and in

silence. He had never shed human blood, and felt that he had no authority to take life, unless in the last emergency. With his gun presented, and ready for use, at a moment's warning, he now closely watched their motions, believing that the Indian might be near, and determined, if he came, to make a *sortie* from his ambush, and capture them, if possible, without shedding blood. This might have been done, without much peril, as their weapons lay several feet distant from them by the road side. But Wongah did not come. At length the voices of the highwaymen grew louder, and one of them, jumping up, advanced a few steps towards the prisoners, and the words:

"We must not leave this work half done," reached the ear of Waldeford. The other, who had seemed to hesitate, now acquiesced. Waldeford could not catch a fair view of the prisoners countenances, but he could hear them, now in a tone of entreaty, and now in threatening voice, plead for their lives. A ransom of great amount was promised, under sanction of the most solemn asseverations, to be sent when and where the robbers should direct, without question or pursuit, if they were set at liberty. This proposition seemed to be favorably considered, until one of the young men, in his anxiety to induce a favorable decision, eagerly named Mr. Lee as his father, who would be able and willing to discharge the obligation. The name produced an unexpected effect.

"Then you must die," was the quick response. "If this comes to the ears of Mr. Lee, our fate is fixed. Your pledge would be redeemed by the sheriff, with a *"posse"* of Indians at his heels, all of whom are friendly to Lee; and let him but promise them a barrel of whiskey and a few pounds of powder for their trouble, and the woods for sixty miles around would give us no refuge from the bloodthirsty rascals. You must die. We thank you," and he laughed infernally; "but we have been pretty well paid for our trouble."

The robber, who had taken part in this dialogue, was deliberately putting a second ball into a gun already loaded, with a coolness of manner, that showed him not unaccustomed to such affairs. But while this was being done, the scissors of fate were closing over the thread of the villain's life. Waldeford had waited till the last moment for his companion, and now for some minutes had stood, with his gun in readiness to fire at any moment. The little party started and looked wild for a second, as the report of a rifle rang through the air. Young Lee and Elston looked each at the other, each supposing that his companion was the victim. But this was but for an instant. The villain fell. As quick as thought, Waldeford sprang from his ambush, and rushed, gun in hand, into the road. The remaining robber, scarcely recovered from his consternation, had rushed towards his weapon, and was raising it from the ground as Waldeford reached the road-side. One leap, and he was in front of the villain, and his rifle at his breast. The rapidity of his motions had given the desperado no time, in that moment of excitement, to reflect that the weapon then pointed at his breast was as harmless as a reed. His gun dropped from his hand, and he stood pale, speechless and trembling.

Heartfelt, indeed, was the happiness experienced by Mr. Lee and his daughter, when they saw a carriage driving briskly up the long lane, containing two gentlemen, whom they were at no loss to conjecture, were William and Elston. Their meeting was full of pleasure, though somewhat impaired, on the part of Elston and Liliass, by the awkward relation in which they stood toward each other. But, after the first congratulations were interchanged, all other considerations were immediately lost sight of in the contemplation of the recent perilous and tragical adventure of the young men, which was at once related. All eyes were upon young Lee, as he proceeded with the story, he being the principal narrator; and to such an extent had their interest been excited, that although they saw their friends safe at their side, none breathed freely until he came, in his narration, to the surrender of the second robber.

"And who was your rescuer?" was the general question.

"We do not know. All expressions of gratitude he modestly received, and after he had released us, and helped us to arrange our carriage, when we were about urging him to accompany us here, we found to our great surprise, that he had suddenly disappeared in the forest.

"And the prisoner?" enquired Mr. Lee.

"Him, after disarming, we allowed to escape, inasmuch as he had plead earnestly for our lives with his companion, appeared young and unused to crime, and called Heaven to witness his determination to forsake his evil course."

"Besides," added Elston, "we did not want the trouble of prosecuting; or of interring his dead friend, under the sanction of twenty-four *grave* men, from all of which he relieved us."

All conjecture seemed fruitless as to their preserver, and they concluded to await, patiently, the time when some fortunate contingency should again bring them together, of which they entertained a reasonable hope, as they argued, he must in all probability reside in "the settlement," which was but a few miles distant. That no suspicion of the truth, in relation to the hero of this adventure, crossed the mind of Mr. Lee, or his daughter, was owing to their full belief that Waldeford was spending the day on the lake at a point many miles distant from the scene of the robbery, and was in company with Wongah.

Whether Waldeford, himself, had any distinct or well defined reason for concealing the fact, may perhaps be doubted, but knowing that, from their first acquaintance, he and Elston must regard each other as rivals for the affections of Miss Lee, he, perhaps, had some repugnance to receiving the gratitude of a man whom he felt he must regard as the destroyer of his happiness.

It was dark before Waldeford returned, and it was not until he had exchanged his hunting dress for a suit of black, that he entered the room where the family were assembled. William hastened to greet the friend of his boyhood; but to Elston, who manifested no desire to recognize him, Waldeford was formally introduced. But neither, so complete had been the transformation of the toilette, connected him, for a moment, with the stranger who had engrossed so large a portion of their thoughts. He expressed, of

course, great astonishment at the daring felony, intelligence of which he professed to have received before reaching home, and fortunately was not called upon to express an opinion in regard to the mysterious huntsman.

And what were the first impressions of Liliass and her affianced husband? As far as related to bearing, address, and elegance of exterior, Elston had but little reason to fear competition with any, but in the eyes of Liliass he suffered in comparison with the intellectual countenance and frank demeanor of her favorite cousin. Liliass, perhaps, loved Waldeford; but this she did not know, or would not allow herself for a moment to think. Her duty she considered an unreserved compliance with her own and her father's promise, and that she was resolved to fulfil, if called on so to do, at all sacrifices of private feeling. To none would she exhibit her preference, or even admit it to herself.

Elston was not susceptible of fine emotions. He admired the beauty and artlessness of his betrothed, and, considering her as his own, took no pains to win affections which he neither knew how to value nor reciprocate. I speak not now of the first evening of their meeting, particularly. Although Elston soon made known to the father his intentions to claim fulfilment of his promise, much to the gratification of the latter, who could not have witnessed a relinquishment on the part of his prospective son-in-law, without too deep a wound to his family pride, none of the marks which distinguish genuine affection, were visible in his attentions to the daughter. And Liliass saw it. On the evening of the third or fourth day after his arrival, she was sitting alone, gazing from an open window upon the clear calm lake, which lay spread out like a mirror before her, and over whose placid surface the setting sun was throwing his golden beams. Fragments of dense black clouds skirted that part of the horizon which the sun was approaching, and the silvery radiance with which its beams lit up the edges, formed a contrast with the central part of the clouds, strikingly beautiful. She had often admired similar scenes with Waldeford, but she knew not that the association of ideas was the cause of an involuntary sigh which escaped her.

"Elston loves me not," thought Liliass; "he will not condescend to woo one already his. Can I love him, unasked?"

While engaged in thought, Waldeford entered the room. It required no close observation on his part to ascertain that his cousin was agitated. His own countenance was pale and perturbed with recent emotion, and he lost no time in disclosing to Liliass that William had that day told him of an existing engagement between her and Elston, and appealing to her for a confirmation or denial of what he now felt had become of vital import to his happiness. A deadly pallor overspread the countenance of the maiden, and without raising her eyes she replied in a low and faltering voice, that her brother had spoken the truth.

"And *you*, Liliass," exclaimed Waldeford, "he is your choice?"

"Waldeford,—cousin George,—you must not talk in this manner."

"Dearest Liliass," rejoined Waldeford, "tell me

but that you *have*, you *would*, you *could* have loved me, and it will alleviate my misery."

She looked up—that look spoke all, and in a delirium of bliss, he caught her unresisting hand and pressed it to his lips. Liliat had yielded a moment to her feelings, but her's was not a heart whose affections could flow in any other channel than that of duty. She now felt that she loved her cousin with all the first warm affection of an ingenuous heart, but against this love she was determined to strive, and if she could not conquer, at least to conceal it.

"This must not be, Mr. Waldeford," said the agitated girl, as she freed herself from his grasp, and hid her face in her snowy hands, "forget me, George, forget me, and you may yet be happy."

She then briefly explained the nature of the obligations which bound her to Elston, and which she held as sacred.

Waldeford replied not, but as he gazed, in silence, on the western sky, and the dark mass of clouds behind which the descending luminary had now become concealed, thought it an emblem of his own clouded hopes, which so recently, like that sun, were bright and unobscured. But, as he gazed, the lower part of the cloud rapidly grew brighter and brighter, until the brilliant orb re-appeared beneath, and casting its rays horizontally across the lake again spread out a long line of light upon its surface.

Waldeford and Liliat were both gazing upon it, when the sudden splendor of the scene caused them to turn away. Their eyes met. It had spoken the same language of hope to each.

"'T is prophetic!" said George, his eyes brightening, and once more seizing her unresisting hand. At this inopportune moment the door was suddenly opened; Elston partly entered, formally begged pardon for his intrusion, and disappeared.

Brightly beamed the morning sun, over hill and dale, on the day succeeding the events just related. Waldeford, as usual, was up with the lark, and had sought in the quietude that marked external nature, some alleviation of the conflicting passions that raged within his bosom. That day had been selected for a sailing expedition, and had been anticipated with much pleasure. Waldeford, who felt that, whatever might be his wish, courtesy would not allow him to decline accompanying the party, was early at the beach, examining the rigging of his little sail boat and watching the wind. While thus engaged, he was joined by young Lee, who artlessly stated that Elston complained of having passed a sleepless night, and would, he feared, be in poor mood to partake of their anticipated sport. It needed no second surmise to tell Waldeford what was the cause of his rival's uneasiness. Elston was jealous, and yet, the relationship of George and Liliat being considered, he had no right to demand any explanation of the preceding night's occurrence. This he felt, and although he did not truly love, his pride and self-love fostered a deep-rooted hatred towards Waldeford. All this the discerning mind of Waldeford perceived, but he was determined to mark, quietly, the course of events, and never to jeopard the happiness of his cousin by

putting any further impediment in what she considered the path of duty.

Elston knew not human nature, and when he had received the sanction of the father to his intended marriage, and had received from him an assurance that Liliat would feel no reluctance on the subject, he was satisfied, and satisfied to let the matter rest for the present season, determined soon to return and claim the hand so long plighted to him. But now he had changed his mind, and was determined to claim the immediate fulfilment of the existing contract.

The day proved fair, and the wind auspicious, and the little party were, soon after breakfast, bounding over the gentle billows in merry mood. The sails, which were managed exclusively by the expert Waldeford, were swelling before the breeze, and soon a mile of undulating water was between the shore and boat. Many were the compliments paid to Waldeford on the skill which he displayed in guiding their little bark, in shifting, tacking, and all the little manœuvres of navigation, which appear so intricate to one ignorant of them, and which are in reality so easy to the initiated. But Elston had learned to be jealous, and praise to his rival, it may well be supposed, excited no pleasure in his bosom. The opposite shore was duly gained, although by many a tack, for the wind had been almost directly from the west. A few hours had been spent in the vicinity of the opposite shore, when Waldeford perceived by the looks of the clouds that there were high winds at hand, and advised a return. The others laughed at his predictions, but, being fatigued, it needed not much persuasion to induce them to relinquish their various amusements and re-embark.

The wind was fair, strong, and directly in their course, but they had not proceeded a mile before the clouds grew darker in the west, and the breeze came sweeping, in majestic strength, across the waters. The waves grew larger, rapidly and perceptibly, and the "white-caps" were making their appearance in frightful numbers out towards the middle of the lake. Waldeford, perceiving by the appearance of his friends that alarm was rapidly mingling with their pleasure, assumed a cheerful tone of voice, and spoke of the morrow's sport. His companions, all less acquainted with the water than himself, deemed themselves safe so long as he seemed at ease, and were fast assimilating themselves to his mood, when a sudden flaw struck the mainsail in front, and, as it dangled idly a moment about the mast, the boat, yielding to the impulse of the waves, turned halfsideways towards the trough that yawned beneath its bow.

Waldeford turned pale. Quick as thought he shifted the sails; his presence of mind was gone but for a moment only; the rudder was brought properly to bear, and the boat was again bounding onward, with a rapidity of motion that endangered their safety. All this passed in a moment. Not a word was spoken, but all had watched Waldeford's countenance, and the pallor that for an instant gained ascendancy there, was reflected by each.

"Waldeford," at length exclaimed the anxious father, with affected coolness, but with a tremulous voice, "are we in danger?"

Waldeford did not, or would not hear, and the other, taking his silence for a confirmation of his fears, pressed his daughter to his heart. They were still far nearer to the shore they had left than the one they sought, and Elston, now speaking for the first time, exclaimed:

"Mr. Waldeford, we must return."

This proposition was no sooner made, than it was supported both by Mr. Lee and William, the former of whom urged that the waves were still higher in the centre of the lake. But Waldeford was conscious that if there were some danger in their present situation, an attempt to return would increase it fourfold. The wind was from shore, and the difficulty and danger of even attempting to turn, amid the high waves and fitful flaws of wind, was no small consideration to deter him. A strong gale at that moment came sweeping past them, and the little mast bent beneath the extended sails.

Waldeford sat at the stern of the boat, with one hand upon the cords, by which he regulated the sails, and the other upon the rudder. He looked calmly up, and fixing his eyes on Elston's agitated countenance, as he was looking anxiously at him, said:

"Mr. Elston, my responsibility is a weighty one. I will resign it to you, if it is your desire and that of our companions. If not, I must bear it *alone*."

"I cannot guide the boat, Mr. Waldeford," was the reply, "but it is our safest course to return, and I insist—"

"Mr. Elston, sit down, you can neither aid nor advise me," said the other, who felt that the danger was becoming too imminent to admit of his attention being withdrawn from the management of the vessel.

"Waldeford, you must and shall turn the boat."

"Idiot!" exclaimed Waldeford, in a deep tone, and then rising and assuming a sternness that did not belong to him, he said, in a voice distinct and impressive above the noise of the tempest: "On the peril of your lives I command silence!"

All was still, and the boat was now rushing forward with a velocity inconceivable to those who have never seen a well-built sail boat running directly before a heavy wind. The danger now was that the bow might run under, and the fearful silence was again interrupted by the loud voice of the pilot:

"Get to the stern," and then, recollecting himself—"This way!—this way, all of you!" he cried.

All crowded behind the mast, and, as the rising bow struck, in rapid succession, the high rolling waves, over which they were bounding, the little party almost forgot, for a moment, their peril in the sublimity of the scene. Waldeford now rapidly explained to Mr. Lee the nature and necessity of his movements, and begged pardon for assuming command over the actions and words of his companions.

"It is Elston and myself who ought to apologize for attempting to dictate in a matter of which we were ignorant," was the satisfactory reply.

All now watched the movements of Waldeford, and as his countenance expressed alternate fear and hope, each feared and hoped. But their peril was brief, and all began to breathe freely as they approached near the opposite shore. It was then, while the others were returning thanks to heaven for their protection, and casting silent looks of gratitude towards the

intrepid young man, who had exhibited so much both of moral and animal courage, that Elston's brow began to lower in resentment at the remembrance of the rebuke he had received. Fear had hitherto excluded his anger, so true is it that

"In the human breast

Two master passions cannot co-exist."

Waldeford, upon the landing of the boat, after again begging pardon of Mr. Lee, said that if he had offended any, he hoped the emergency of their situation would prove his excuse; but this apology, even from the probable preserver of his life, sufficed not to appease the passions that were raging in the bosom of Edward Elston.

On the morning succeeding the events just related, Waldeford, to his great grief and astonishment, received, by the hand of a servant, a note from Elston, that could bear no misconstruction. It asked for no explanation or apology, but demanded an instant hostile meeting. That Elston could so far forget or trample upon all the rights of hospitality, as to endanger thus the peace and happiness of the family in which they were both guests, he felt must be attributable to a rage that had its origin in something more serious than the quarrel of the preceding day. Nor was he mistaken in believing that the previous interview between himself and Lilia, and the unexplained incident which Elston had accidentally witnessed, was the moving cause of his present inexcusable conduct.

He hesitated not in returning a brief and positive refusal to meet his rival, stating that his principles would prevent him, under any circumstances, from giving or accepting a challenge of this nature, and that, even if such were not the case, his regard for those most dear to him, would, at the present time and place, forbid it.

When Waldeford received Elston's challenge, he was in his room, about starting for a neighboring grove, to while away a few hours in shooting or contemplation, as his feelings or as circumstances might influence him. When he had despatched his answer, he put on his hunting dress, the same which he had worn on the day of the memorable robbery, and over it, as the morning was sufficiently cool to form a pretext for so doing, a surtout coat, took his rifle in hand, and sallied forth. He had been in the grove but a short time, when he was joined by Elston and William, the former of whom, with rapid steps, advanced to him, and said, in a voice trembling with anger:

"Mr. Waldeford, you have injured me. Do you deny me satisfaction?"

"If I have injured you, sir," was the reply, "I am at all times ready to give such satisfaction as justice requires."

"You insulted me in the presence of those whose good opinion I most value."

"If I did, sir, my apology was also made in their presence."

"That apology was conditional."

"It is all that I can offer you, sir, until you convince me that I have wronged you."

"Mr. Waldeford," said Elston, speaking rapidly, and growing momentarily more fierce, as if goaded by the memory of some irreparable wrong, "this is

the time and place to settle our quarrel. We are both armed, and armed alike. Your pretended principles shall not protect you. It is but a coward's plea," and, without waiting for a reply, he rapidly measured off the ordinary distance usual in rifle duelling, and took his station at one extremity, with his back against a tree.

William looked on in amazement. Unapprised, until then, of the challenge, and horror-struck at the conduct of his friend, he used every argument to dissuade him from his design; but, with the fire of anger gleaming, like that of insanity, in his eye, the infuriated man insisted upon the combat, and that William should remain, if not as a second, at least as a witness that it was honorably conducted.

"Have you no regard for the happiness of our friends, who are scarcely beyond the sound of our firearms?" coolly asked Waldeford.

"Too much," was the taunting reply, "to allow you longer to infest their residence."

"Well," said Waldeford, turning to William, "I presume I am entitled, as the challenged party, to the first fire?"

The latter bowed, and turned pale, supposing that the last ungenerous speech of Elston, together with his apparently fixed determination to fight, had at last induced Waldeford to fire in self-defence, and he was well aware that his aim was unerring. Waldeford walked rapidly up to a tree adjoining the one against which his antagonist was standing, and, before either could conjecture his object, placed a small silver coin about breast high in the crevices of the bark, and said:

"Bear me witness, Elston, that I seek not your life. This mark is breast high. Consider it your heart. If my ball pierces it, the duel is at an end. If not, I will stand your fire."

Ere either could reply, he had hastened to the other extremity of the ground which Elston had marked out, the report of the rifle rang through the air, and the bent and battered coin fell to the ground. Astonishment, pride, and anger, struggled for the mastery in Elston's breast. Waldeford slowly approached.

"You are fairly killed," at length exclaimed William, assuming a cheerful voice.

"Must I receive my life at his hands?" said Elston, in a voice intended only for William's ear.

"And if you do," said Waldeford, smilingly, "will it be the first time, Mr. Elston?"

Our hero, immediately after firing, had thrown off his outer coat, exchanged his beaver for a hunting-cap, which he pulled from a pocket of the discarded garment, and thus arrayed, his forehead nearly concealed by the cap, and the whole expression of his face changed thereby, he now stood before them, the identical hunter who had so opportunely come to their assistance in the forest. William ran up and grasped the hand of Waldeford, affectionately, and, when they again looked at Elston, he stood with folded arms and pallid countenance gazing upon the ground.

Waldeford found himself quite a hero upon his return home; for Elston had preceded him, and, in the plenitude of his grateful feelings, had made known the fact that he was the preserver of his life.

The means which had led to the discovery he had not communicated, and the admiration evinced by all of his cool and collected bravery, was only equalled by their surprise at the modesty which had so long prevented him from acknowledging the deed. He unassumingly laughed off all compliments, and refrained from the least allusion to the events of the morning; by far too generous to take advantage of Elston's indiscretion, and especially the first one that had been followed by any evidence of penitence.

From this hour the whole demeanor of Elston toward Waldeford changed, and he looked upon and treated him as a friend. Consoling as this was to Liliat, and pleasant to himself, it afforded but slight alleviation of the misery which had taken its abode in his breast, and of which Elston might be considered the involuntary cause.

Full of his own sad thoughts, he wandered in the garden on the ensuing afternoon, and entering a summer house, so thickly covered with vines as entirely to exclude the scorching sun, was surprised to find his cousin wrapped in sleep, with her head resting upon the latticed frame against which she reclined. At her side lay the poem of Rokeby, that beautiful production of the Northern Minstrel, open at the description of Wilfrid Wycliffe's hopeless love. He read the passage, and as he laid down the book, heard, or imagined he heard, a sigh. He turned towards his cousin. Her lips were slightly parted, and her long, dark eyelashes, were drooping over those eyes from which he had so often drank deep draughts of love.

He seated himself by her side, and watched her countenance for many minutes, with a variety of conflicting feelings. He had long loved, had long mourned his fate, but all the warmth of his affections, and all the bitterness of his grief, seemed to be concentrating their power, and centering in that one hour of deep and unrestrained feeling. Reality was fast extinguishing the fancy-fed light of Hope, which still glimmered over his darkened path.

Liliat at length slowly raised her eyes and met his, lustrous with half-formed tears. She uttered a slight ejaculation of surprise, and, as her eyes fell upon the open book, blushed with the consciousness that Waldeford must recognize the prototype of himself in the gentle and unfortunate Wycliffe. A brief conversation ensued, in which Waldeford informed his cousin of his approaching departure, and for the first time, since the conversation previously related, spoke of his attachment, his sufferings, and his earnest wish for her welfare and happiness.

The unhappy girl could not conceal her emotion, and only replied:

"Forget me, George, forgot me, and you may yet be happy, though I am not."

A passing step was at this moment heard, but when Waldeford stepped to the door to learn who had been the intruder, no one was to be seen.

The conference of the lovers, for so I must call them, here broke up. Waldeford soon made known his intended departure to Mr. Lee, but finally yielded to an urgent invitation to remain until after the marriage of Liliat, for which preparations were now being made. Days passed on. Wearisome ones they were to Waldeford. In vain he essayed to assume a cheerfulness which he could not feel, or to conceal

from others the arrow that was rankling in his heart.

It was on a calm evening, toward the close of July, that Waldeford, while walking by the water's edge, was overtaken by Elston, and, after a brief and friendly discourse upon ordinary subjects, accepted an invitation to officiate as groomsman at the approaching ceremony. The day was fixed, and, like all other days, how important sover the events with which they are charged, it came. But a few hours of the previous night had been devoted by Waldeford to his couch, where he had found sleep without repose, and it was not strange that no color lingered on his usually ruddy cheek when the little party were assembled.

Smilingly looked the groom and the father, but on the countenance of each was the appearance of thought and feeling. Surpassingly beautiful in her bridal array was Lilius, and if her face was more pallid, and a shade more melancholy, than seemed to befit the occasion, her mien was at least calm and composed. The clergyman was announced, and Waldeford felt his heart beat quicker at every successive step towards the ceremony. Elston now rose, and politely requested attention, and when he found all eyes upon him, said, in a serious and emphatic voice:

"I here renounce all claim to the hand of Miss

Lee. I have discovered my error, but, thank heaven, not too late for reparation. I have not loved Lilius as she deserves to be loved, and I blame not her that she could not force her affections into the channel which, what was regarded duty only, dictated. To Mr. Waldeford I owe every thing—my life thrice preserved—my honor guarded. Let my conduct prove how highly I value his services. Lilius—do not deny it—Waldeford is your choice. He deserves your love. 'Twas my step which you heard at the summer-house. 'Twas at first by accident I overheard your conversation. I listened with good intentions. I learned your mutual love, and the fidelity and honor of Lilius. From that hour I intended to make this sacrifice. It is done. Waldeford, claim your bride!"

It would be useless and unseemly to attempt portraying the result of this declaration upon those which were present, or to speak of the unalloyed delight which filled the hearts and glowed in the countenances of the lovers.

The wedding, after a few hours delay, proceeded, with a slight transposition of groom and groomsman and the sun was yet lingering in the western horizon as the worthy divine pronounced the nuptial benediction over George and Lilius Waldeford.

ALICE.

(See Plate.)

THE beautiful picture of Alice, which is given in this number, is a fine specimen of the noble art of engraving, an art which, during the last twenty years, has made rapid and wonderful strides toward perfection. A very few years ago, we recollect steel plates that looked little better than wood cuts do now, and yet they were thought exquisite. Now, every beauty which the artist can display on canvass is transferred to the steel, with an accuracy of detail, and truthfulness of expression, truly surprising.

Alice represents a girl who is supposed to be deprived of the power of speech—a dumb girl. It is a beautiful arrangement of Providence, that, where one faculty is impaired, others increase in power and activity, forming, as it were, an equivalent for the

apparent deprivation. Thus in the case with Alice, her intellect is supposed to be developed to an unusual extent. Her countenance displays a thoughtful resignation—a contemplative caste, deeply interesting—while the tablet and pencil, which she holds, serve to show her method of communicating those higher thoughts, which cannot be so easily conveyed by the ordinary signs used by persons destitute of the power of speech.

As a picture, apart from these, Alice is unusually beautiful. The fineness of the graver work gives all the softness of flesh to a face, which has a purity and beauty of expression rarely met with in life, much less in mere pictures.

WEDDED LOVE.

Oh! no—not e'en when first we loved,
Wert thou as dear as now thou art;
Thy beauty then my senses moved,
But now thy virtues bind my heart.

What was but passion's sigh before,
Has since been turned to reason's vow;
And, though I then might love thee more,
Trust me, I love thee better now!

MOORE.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

In taking a general review of the literature of the day, one cannot but be struck by the prominent place which is occupied by fiction. Now that novels are sold for two shillings a piece, we have them at the rate of a dozen a week; and the whole field of English and American fiction having been ransacked for reprints, translations from the German and French are made, in order to satisfy the ever increasing appetite for this species of mental pabulum. We have thus the means of comparing the English, French, and German schools of fiction of the present day. English fiction really seems to be upon the decline: it reached its meridian when Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Galt, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austin, Miss Ferrer, and Mr. Bulwer, were in full career; since they have ceased to write, it is easy to perceive that the great harvest is gathered. Their successors merely glean the fields which have been reaped by abler hands.

French fiction is abundant enough; but it wants the best element of all fiction—moral truth. A fable without a moral, is of little worth. It may amuse the fancy, and excite the feelings; but it wants the redeeming virtue, which is necessary to give literature a lasting existence. Some semblance of morality is necessary to give even an ephemeral popularity to the novel; and this the French novels of the present age, exhibit a strain of sentiment which is specious enough to captivate the inexperienced, but having no basis in religion, recognising no principle of moral duty, it will not bear the test of enlightened criticism.

German fiction, on the contrary, seems to be on the ascendant. In its best productions, such, for example, as "The Citizens of Prague," and "The Siege of Vienna," there is a vein of religious truth, and an array of moral dignity which assures us that there is a foundation on which imaginative genius may safely build its noblest structures. The best hope of success in this department of literature in our own country is in a careful study of the best German models.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

The Greece of the Greeks. By G. A. Perdicaris, A. M. Late Consul of the United States at Athens. New York: Paine and Burgess. 1845.

This is the work of an intelligent traveler, a native Greek, whose feelings of patriotism have given a fervor and freshness to the composition, which add a charm to the ability and scholarship which it every where evinces. Mr. Perdicaris's descriptions of the country and its inhabitants, being founded on actual and careful observation, may be relied on as correct; his views of the resources and capabilities of Greece, as it respects agriculture and commerce, are highly satisfactory; and his complaints of the narrow policy and oppression of the government are shown to be well founded by the unfortunate results. Any one who has a desire to know the present condition and future prospects of Greece should possess himself of these volumes.

Over the Ocean, or Glimpses of Travel in Many Lands. By a Lady of New York. New York: Paine and Burgess. 1846.

This is a well written and very lively and entertaining series of letters from an American lady, during her travels in Europe and Western Asia. Her tour embraced a very

wide range. England, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Prussia, Bohemia, Austria, Switzerland, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Spain and France, all visited, are observed and commented on in turn, in a lively, piquant vein, which renders this little volume one of the most readable books of travels which has lately appeared.

The Cousins: A Tale of Early Life. By the Author of *Conquest and Self Conquest, &c.* New York: Harper and Brothers. 1846.

The writer of this story is favorably known to the public, not only through her former books; but through her exceedingly well written tales contributed to Neale's Saturday Gazette, and other periodical publications. Her style is well formed, and the moral tendencies of her writings uniformly excellent, while in the management of a plot she displays remarkable skill.

Forecastle Tom; or the Landsman turned Sailor. By Mary S. B. Dana, author of "The Northern and Southern Harps," "The Young Sailor, &c." New York: Harper and Brothers. 1846.

This narrative has intense and various interest, both comic and tragic, and the proprieties of nautical phraseology and descriptions of sea life, and adventures are so correctly and cleverly done, that it is difficult to believe they could have proceeded from a lady's pen. Towards the close of the story there is a vein of religious instruction, which cannot well fail of its effect on the youthful mind.

"The Citizen of Prague." Translated by Mary Howitt. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1846.

Mrs. Howitt remarks, in the preface to this capital novel: "the singular coincidence between the relative positions of Austria and Bohemia, as demonstrated in the story, and those of England and Ireland at the present moment. The coincidence is not confined to the countries themselves; it extends equally to the most eminent and active personages in both cases—a Queen upon the throne—a distinguished advocate and agitator implicated—the public trial for high treason—and the great national effort for a suffering country." The romance is one of the most elevated in moral sentiment and striking in incident and character of any which has appeared of late years. The empress Maria Theresa is one of the noblest delineations drawn by any hand since that of the Great Enchanter of the North was paralysed; and that of Thomas Thyrnan, is of the same exalted character. Mrs. Howitt has not given us the name of the German author, who has produced this splendid work of fiction.

Miscellaneous Sermons. By the Rev. Sydney Smith, A. M. Late Fellow of New College, Oxford, Rector of Foston in Yorkshire, Preacher at the Foundling, and at Berkely and Fitzroy Chapels. Complete in one volume. Philadelphia: Carey and Hart. 1846.

Those who have read Sydney Smith's reviews and pamphlets, will readily conceive that a sermon from his pen would be a masterly and vigorous moral discourse, adorned with the best graces of style, and exhibiting rather the views of a scholar and philosopher, than a humble village pastor. Such is the fact. These sermons, produced chiefly when he was one of the most popular preachers in the great Metropolis, have been long admired for their masterly style. Each is perfect in its kind, and some of them rise to the highest pitch of graphic sublimity.

The Book of Illustrious Mechanics of Europe and America. Translated from the French of Edward Foucaud. Edited by John Frost, LL. D. Author of "The Book of the Navy," "The Book of the Army," "The Book of the Colonies," &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: George S. Appleton. 1846.

This is an uncommonly spirited work, giving a rapid sketch of the progress of the mechanic arts, from an early period in the middle ages to the present day, with biographical and anecdotal notices of illustrious men, who have signalized themselves by important inventions and discoveries. It also embraces some lucid descriptions of the best works of mechanical art, and views of their important effects on the progress of society and of human happiness. The book is embellished with numerous engravings on wood and steel, portraits of illustrious artists, and scenes in their lives.

Snowdon. A Novel. By Theodore Hook. Author of *Sayings and Doings*. Philadelphia and New York: E. Ferrett & Co. 1846.

The Widow. A Novel. By Theodore Hook. New York: E. Ferrett & Co. 1846.

The writer of these novels is remarkable for his wit and humor. His knowledge of human character, and the peculiar phases of manners exhibited by the middling class in England; his success in the management of a plot, and his singular power of inventing odd situations and combinations, which surprise and delight his reader, and often throw him into convulsions of laughter. With such recommendations, one always opens a new story of Theodore Hook's with a positive certainty of being amused.

Wild Sports in Europe, Asia, and Africa. By Lt. Colonel E. Napier. Late 46th Regiment. Author of *Scenes and Sports in Foreign Lands*, &c. Philadelphia and New York: E. Ferrett & Co. 1846.

This author has a keen eye for the beauties of natural scenery, and he describes the bustling events which have fallen under his observation, with a force and truthfulness which will be fully appreciated by those who have seen any thing of life in the wilder haunts of the Old World. The book is as much superior in interest to an ordinary book of travels as a lion hunt is to a ride in the omnibus.

Joan, the Heroic Maiden. By Alexandre Dumas. Translated from the French. By Louisa C. Ingersol. Philadelphia and New York: E. Ferrett & Co. 1846.

Dumas is the best of the living French novelists. His services are bought up by the Parisian biblioplists for years in advance, and his novels are read with eager avidity by his countrymen, and speedily translated into every language of Europe. The story of Joan of Arc has never fallen into such able hands before. It will now become as familiar to our countrymen as it has for ages been to the French.

Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered. Translated by Fairfax. No. 47 and 48 of Wiley and Putnam's Library of Choice Reading.

Hoole's translation of Tasso's *Jerusalem*, is liable to the same objection which has so frequently been urged against Pope's *Homer*. It is like any thing but the original. Those of Fairfax and Wiffen, on the other hand, unite the excellence of genuine English poetry with strict fidelity to the original. Fairfax's has long been admired for its masculine strength and simplicity.

THE ENCHANTRESS.—A melodrama, from this fine opera by Balfe, in which most of the ballad music is introduced, has had an extraordinary run at the Walnut Street Theatre. There is something in all of Balfe's music that takes hold of the hearts of the people, and becomes at once popular.

Twelve of the very best songs in the "Enchantress" have been published by Messrs. E. Ferrett & Co. in two parts, at the low price of 25 cents each part. They are very beautifully printed.

NEW MUSIC ON THE CHEAP SYSTEM.—Messrs. Ferrett & Co. have made recently quite a number of new issues of cheap music, all gotten out in admirable style. Among these are "Part II. Ethiopian Serenaders"—10 songs for 25 cents. "Part II. Russell's songs"—6 songs for 25 cents. "Philip the Falconer, by Edward J. Loder," 12½ cents. "He's on the Sea," 12½ cents. "March de La Norma," 12½ cents. "Bethoven's Waltzes," 3 waltzes for 12½ cents. "When I saw thee in Youth," composed by S. Nelson, 12½ cents. "Thou Hast Woven the Spell," a new song by General Morris—12½ cents. "The London Polka Quadrilles," by Glover, 12½—besides quite a number of songs and pieces, each 6½ cents.

LEONORA: a Lyrical Drama in three acts. The words by J. R. Fry. The music by W. H. Fry. First performed at the Chestnut St. Theatre, June 4, 1846. Piano Forte arrangement. pp. 440. E. Ferrett & Co. 1846.

This volume contains the complete score of Fry's Grand Opera, "*Leonora*," as it was performed in June last, at the Chestnut St. Theatre, Philadelphia.—The work is very handsomely got up, and reflects great credit upon all concerned in its production.

MUSIC.—It is gratifying to see that the public at large are beginning to find out the real superiority of stereotype music over that printed from zinc plates, to say nothing of its extraordinary low price. Let any one examine a page of plate music, and he will find that the ink with which it is printed rubs off under his finger, and that, in a little while, under the process of turning and handling, the whole page becomes soiled. Stereotype music, on the contrary, is printed with ink such as is used in printing the finest books. It does not rub off by handling. The page will remain as pure for years as when it came from the press.

One of the objections, strangely enough, urged by those interested in sustaining the old and dear system of music publishing, is that of *incorrectness*. This had the effect, for a time, of retarding the sale of cheap music. But the public are beginning to find out that there is no foundation for this charge; that, in fact, the new order of music is, as a general thing, *more correct* than the old. There is no reason why it should not be correct. The musical compositor has just as much command over his types as the engraver has over his punches, and, if in first setting up, he makes an error, he can correct it with far more facility.

Another means of keeping down the new system, resorted to by the regular music dealers in the large cities, is a *combination not to sell* stereotype music! The folly of this is becoming more and more apparent, in the fact, that the music trade is gradually leaving the old dealers, and going into new channels. In Philadelphia, New York and Boston, particularly, is this the case. While the publishers of engraved music are endeavoring to break down a system that is based upon the public good, and must prevail, the sellers of type music are gradually securing the retail trade of both classes of music. This is especially the case in Philadelphia, where Messrs. Ferrett & Co. have an elegant store in the very centre of fashionable custom; and arrangements are making to secure, in like manner, the trade of Boston and New York.

Thus it will be seen, that while the old music publishers are endeavoring to hinder the progress of a system that looks to the public good, they are destroying themselves by their own short sighted policy.

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